

THE
SHEPHERD'S
CALENDAR,

CONTAINING
TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

Proportionable to the

TWELVE MONTHS,

By EDMUND SPENSER,
PRINCE of English POETS.

Entituled to the Noble and Virtuous Gentleman,
most Worthy of all Titles, both of LEARNING
and CHIVALRIE,

Master PHILIP SIDNEY.

Published by JOHN BALL.

LONDON: Printed by *Will. Bowyer*, in the Year
M^DCCXXXII.

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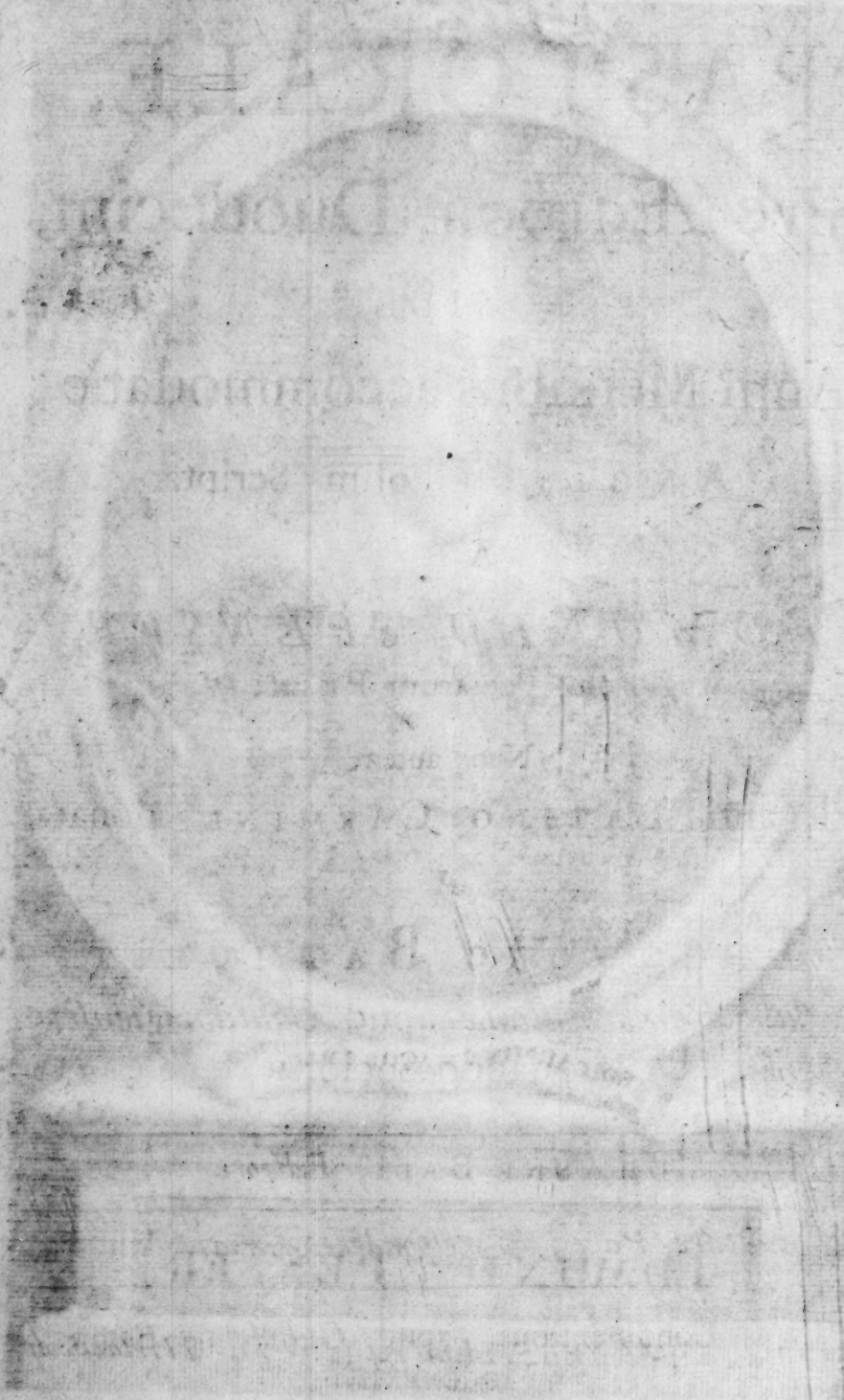
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M^DCCXXXII.



EDMUND SPENSER

66.^o 2598. Aetate 45.

97. Vermeulen



CALENDARIUM
PASTORALE,
Sive ÆGLOGÆ Duodecim,

TOTIDEM

Anni Mensibus accommodatæ ;

ANGLICE olim Scriptæ

AB

K

EDMUNDO SPENSER,

Anglorum Poetarum PRINCIPE :

Nunc autem

Eleganti LATINO CARMINE donatæ

A

THEODORO BATHURST

*Aulæ Pembrockianæ apud Cantabrigienses
aliquando Socio.*

JOHANNÉ BALL, Editore.

Et cantare Pares, & respondere parati. Vir. Ecl.

Typis Londinensibus, apud Gulielmum Bowyer,
MDCCXXXII.

PASTORALE
CALENDARIIUM

Sive Eclogæ Duodecim

TOTIDEM

Anni Mensibus accommodatae ;

47
8 / 13
A. C. L. E. C. S. S. S.

232



Legum Latine Carminum donata

THEODORE BATHURST
Hic Pastorale quod Canonicis
adipando scribit

JOHANNES BATHURST

Et continet Hic & respondens perit. Vir. Del.

Typis Londinensibus, apud Gulielmum Bengerum
MDCCLXXII.

LECTORI S.

HABES, Erudite Lector, *Spenseri* Calendarium Pastorale Latino carmine eleganter indutum. Quod genus scribendi adeò dulce est & delectabile, ut nihil suprâ. Quisquis enim naturam ruri habitantem inspexerit, in festivis Pastorum carminibus intuebitur, incultè licèt, eloquentem, inter herbas suas lætam & vigentem, suo demùm florum cultu simplici splendide decoram.

In exquirendo hoc *Bathursti* volumine, diù multumque laboravi, utpotè qui inter Bibliopolas perpaucus erat; rei Poeticæ emolumento fore censens, si Poetam tam celebrem in lucem emitterem.

Argumenta, quæ in novissimâ Editione Anglicanâ reperiuntur, Latino Sermonem donata, singulis Mensibus præposui, ut interiorem *Spenseri* sensum, Tu, Lector, penitus exploratum haberes.

Ex quo primùm in animum induxi meum, ut versus hosce publici juris facerem, curavi sedulo, nequid deesset illis vel Emendationis, vel Ornatus, qui tamen vestitu suo nitent ornatiùs. Probe enim novit egregium Poetarum Par, Naturæ facilitatem, non nisi Ingenii facilitate esse describendam.

Ut *Spenseri* voces obsoletas, suisque tenebris involutas in lucem diemque proferrem, *Glossarium* adjeci Anglicanum, eatenus tantùm formatum, quatenus huic Operi inserviret; auctius tamen & perfectum adeò, ut vix unam quidem vocem intellectu difficiliorem prætermiserim. Vati nostro, nec immeritò, vitio habetur, sub his nubibus tam frequenter delituisse, cùm penes eum esset in solem prodire:

dire : Hoc tamen summæ laudi ei ducendum erit, nullum prius inter Anglos, vel suavius cecinisse, vel incaluisse generosius, vel sublimius ascendisse Poetam.

Ut huic etiam errori subveniret, feliciter enixus est *Theodoras Bathurstus*, Poeta non minùs ornatus, quàm gravis idem postea Theologus; qui has Eclogas ita Latine vertit, ut obscuris lucem, asperis lævitatem, atque omnibus fere nitorem & elegantiam fœneraverit. Uterque fané ejusdem Collegii fuit & magnum Decus, & Ornamentum.

Tuas denique, *Bathurste*, laudes ulteriùs lubens recensere; Tu enim vitam agens privatam, tantò magis Honorem meruisse videris, quantò minùs concupisses: At tibi satis Gloriæ in scriptis tuis effulgere. Dignam interea *Spenseri* manibus, in rebus publicis magis versati, & Tibi non inutilem operam præstitisse me spero, quòd Vitam ejus, quoad mihi innotuerit, Latine exhibuerim.

Vale. J. BALL.



D E



D E

Vita SPENSERI, & Scriptis.

Regnante Elizabethâ summè enituit Historia Anglicana, cui materiam amplissimam sup-
 peditârunt multorum hominum tunc temporis
 præcellentium, & mira vis ingenii, & sapientiæ gravi-
 tas, & immota animi fortitudo. Plurima in lucem
 edidêrunt Nostrates de rebus istius ætatis, quæ feli-
 cissimo Augusti sæclo haud impar esse videatur.

In hâc ætate florentissimâ vixit Edmundus Spen-
 serus, omnium quos Anglia prius conspexerat Poeta-
 rum facilè Princeps. Latent adhuc ejus Parentela,
 & Natalitiorum annus, adèò ut Scriptis suis magis quàm
 generis dignitate elucescat. Hoc tamen certò scimus,
 natum fuisse Londini, in literis postea institutum a-
 pud Cantabrigienses, in Aulâ Penbrochianâ.

Utcunque hæc incerta permaneant, Spenserum ta-
 men natum fuisse circiter annum 1553 satis liquet.
 In tabulas enim publicas istius Academiæ refertur,
 Edmundum Spenserum, Quadrantarium, matricula-

tum fuisse Maii 20^o Anno 1569, gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus capeffisse Anno 1573, gradum etiam magistralem Anno 1576. Novit Lector apud Anglos solenne esse, juvenes circa sedecim annos natos in Academicorum numerum cooptari.

Licet autem lucubrationes suas viris egregiis subinde Poeta noster inscribat, cum tamen in tenui fortunâ vitam egisse, cum primum Musis se dederit, non est in dubio. Re enim angustâ oppressus in regionem Borealem iter fecit, ubi ab amicis suis comitèr exceptus, Rosalindam suam (quam dulcè canit, & cujus duritiem sequenti Calendario tristi luget Camœnâ) ardentèr amavit.

Quamprimùm Spenserius præclarum hoc Carmen in lucem ediderit, indies ejus fama orbem literarium pervagari cæpit. Viro Prænobili Philippo Sidneio Militi inscribitur, qui non solum ingenii & virtutis dotibus, verùm etiam aliis omnibus ornamentis maxime effloruit, quæ vel Reipublicæ usui esse possent, vel Patriæ tutamini, vel Populo in deliciis.

Nec mirum cuiquam videatur tantæ exuditionis virum quam citissime perspectam habuisse mentem Spenseri sublimem & ingenium capax, adeo ut brevi usus sit eo perquam familiaritèr, & humanitate.
1577. verè generosa. In hoc etiam anno carmen illud quod dicitur Mother Hubbard's Tale, poetam nostram scripsisse constat, illumque etiam eodem anno Calendarium hoc Pastorale typis mandasse.

1578. A Regione Boreali tandem discedens, amicis suis sic consulentibus, Londinum revisit, ut rem suam familiarem augetet. Hoc elegantius in Eclogâ sextâ describit, ubi Mopsus, i. e. Dominus Harveius, amicus ejus charissimus suadet ei, ut relictis

lietis montibus, sterilibus nempe & infructuosis, in valles descenderet feraces magis & magis tutas. Hic citò Laurum meruit, quam à celeberrimâ Reginâ accepit, infœcundam tamen, adeo ut tantæ dignitatis honorem sine mercede possideret inops.

Anno sequente Sidneii patrocinio innixus Aulam frequentavit, qui Spenferum in elientelam Honoratissimi Comitis Leicestrensis commendavit, ubi citò ad tantum laudis & honoris fastigium assurgit, ut tandem apud ipsam Reginam summa prævaleret gratia.

Fussu ejusdem Comitis Nobilissimi hoc Anno peregrè profectus est, quod fusiùs patet in Epistolâ quâdam Latinâ ab Ædibus Leicestrensis datâ, aliisque duâbus ab Hiberniâ transmissis, Harveio inscriptis. Honoratissimo autem Viro Domino Domino Grey, hoc tempore Prorege Hiberniæ constituto, Spenferus illi fuit à Secretis, qui dum hoc munere fungeretur, utilitati publicæ impensius invigilavit. Quam sapienter, rebus communibus occupatus, se gessit, illa, quam de Rebus Hibernicis conscripsit, testatur Historia; quæque firmissimo est argumento, Spenferum ad ardua reipublicæ negotia administranda æquè formatum fuisse, ac ad Musas excolendas.

Sub hoc tempus summam familiaritatem cum eruditissimo Viro Gualtero Raleio Milite inivit, qui tunc sub vexillis Proregis illustrissimi fortissimique Ducis militavit. Poema illud, quod dicitur Colin Clout's come home again, istius amicitiae firmitatem ornatè representat; quippe quos arctiori amoris catenâ devinciebat mira animorum similitudo. Uterque enim easdem artes politiores discendi studio & amore incendebantur.

Hoc

1580. Hoc anno Prorex Nobilissimus in Hiberniam navigat, seditiosos prosternit: plurimum tamen apud Reginam improbatur, eo quod acerbe nimis in captos sæviret.

Jam primum sese omni cura & solitudine expendisse videtur Spenserus, & tantum de patria meruisse, ut 3000 acris in Comitatu Corcagiæ publicatis Reginæ munificentia donaretur. Habitavit Kilcolmania; ubi fluvijs, qui Mulla vocatur, quemque sæpius in Carminibus suis non sine laude celebravit, agros suos interfuit.

1582. Hoc tempore Prorex revocatus in Angliam redit.

1585. Militibus Desmonia Comitis devictis pace fruitur Hibernia.

1588. In hoc rerum situ peramæno Carmen illud cui Titulus The Fairy Queen, horis succisvis continuatum perfecerat Auctor noster, cujus tres tantummodò libros primos in Editione primâ edidit, tribus insuper additis Editioni secundæ. Sex alios posteriores servi sui incuria in Angliam præproperè festinantis periisse, næ illud fabula est, & figmentum. In hoc etiam anno obiit Honoratissimus Comes Leicestrensis, Patronus ei munificentissimus.

1590. In Angliam redit Spenserus ut rebus suis meliùs prospiceret.

1592. In Carminibus suis Amatoriis hoc Anno in publicum emissis, intueri licet omnes simul Musas Amicæ suæ laudes celebrantes. In carmine autem sexagesimo (quod ad explorandum illius Annum natalitium haud parùm conferat) se annos tunc temporis vixisse quadraginta scribit Spenserus.

In

In hoc Anno virginem elegantem in uxorem duxit. Has Nuptias in Epithalamio quædam egregio cecinit Poeta noster, hoc enim scribendi genere & stylo Spenserii nemo par erat. 1593.

In Angliam reversus est Spenserius, ut tres libros posteriores Poematis nuper dicti publici juris faceret. Honoratissimæ Domine Domine Cumbriæ Comitissæ, hoc etiam Anno librum dicavit cui Titulus, The Four Hymns of Beauty. 1596.

Hoc tempore Comes Tyronensis, militibus quindecim millibus Anglorum occisis, reliquas eorum copias in fugam vertit. Quo factum est, ut rebus omnibus exutus & spoliatus Spenserius in Angliam tristis rediret, ubi Sidneii sui amicitiam, sed frustra desideravit. Hic enim aliquot ante annos, in prælio apud Zutphaniam in Germania inferiori commisso vulneratus è vita discessit. 1597.

Spenserius, Patronis suis diu superstes, multisque malis graviter oppressus morti occubuit, eodem ipso Anno quo Honoratissimus Burleius ærarii Præfectus, qui illi minimè favit. Sepultus jacet apud Westmonasterium, & quod in votis fuit, prope Chaucerum, poetis istius ætatis maxime præclaris exequias suas celebrantibus. Plurima funus ejus ornavunt Poemata, quæ in sepulchrum ejus conjecta fuisse legimus. Comminutum & deformatum esse saxum sepulchrale exploratissimum habeo, cujus Epitaphium, linguâ vernaculâ conscriptum, ita se habet. 1598.

Heare lies (expecting the second commynge of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the Body of Edmund Spencer, the Prince of Poets in his Tyme, whose divine Spirit needs noe other Witness than the Works which
he

he left behind him. He was borne in London in the Yeare 1510, and died in the Yeare 1596.

*Hic autem non abs re alienum fore censeo errores quosdam animadvertere, quos illorum incuria irrep-
fisse certum est, qui de vitâ Spenseri scripserunt. Cambdenus enim alique Historici fide digni tradi-
derunt, illum è vitâ migrâsse Anno Domini 1598, Elizabethæ autem 41. In libello enim ab eo, ut fa-
ma est, de Monumentis Westmonasteriensibus edito, hæc leguntur.*

*Edmundus Spencer, Londinensis, Anglicorum Poe-
tarum nostri sæculi facile Princeps, quod ejus Poe-
mata, faventibus Musis, & victuro Genio conscripta,
comprobant. Obiit immaturâ morte Anno 1598,
& prope Chaucerum conditur, qui sælicissimè Poesin
Anglicis literis primus illustravit.*

Deinde adduntur hæc verba ;

*Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenseri, illi
Proximus ingenio, proximus ut tumulto.*

atque alia.

*Hic prope Chaucerum Spensere Poeta Poetam
Conderis, at versu, quam tumulto propior.*

Hæc demùm,

*Anglica te vivo vixit plaussitque Poesis,
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.*

Has

Has Inscriptiones parietales citârunt Winstanleius aliique, pro certo habentes, voces jam dictas, in oratione solutâ scriptas, fuisse Epitaphium Spenseri, cum sint tantum Elogium quoddam, & Commemoratio ejus Eruditionis.

At neque usquam patet quod à Fullero aliisque perhibetur, Spenseri nempe monimentum Latino Epitaphio fuisse insculptum, cum certissimum sit, nullum prius, eo quod nunc extat, monimentum ei positum fuisse.

Nequaquam etiam veritati consentaneum est, illum natum fuisse Anno 1510. Si enim ita se res haberet, eum ultra sexagesimum ætatis annum, cum primum Calendarium Pastorale in lucem emiserit, pro certo haberetur: At non istius est ætatis in Amoris effigie delineandâ sibi indulgisse. Quod verò instar omnium argumentorum est, de quo etiam prius meminerim, aliàs testatur Registrum Universitatis Cantabrigienfis.

Qui denique Spenseri monimentum Insignissimi Domini Domini Devereux, Essexiæ Comitis impensis extractum fuisse volunt, totâ errant viâ. Hoc enim, ex libello quodam memoriali Nicolai Stone, propriâ ipsius manu conscripto, mihiq; ab artifice peritissimo Geo. Vertue communicato, unde hæc literatim transcribuntur, satis perspectum est; in quo hæc verba perlegerim.

I allso mad a Monement for M^r Spencer, the Poett, and set it up at Westmester, for which the Contefs of Dorset paid me 40l.

Hunc Nicolaum Stone, (nam id velim ut sciret Lector) Jacobo primo, Caroloque primo Angliæ Regibus Architectum fuisse, ex eodem itidem liquet libello.

Nil menti Spenseri, per totum vitæ curriculum; ut fama est, penitiùs insedit quam Burleii inclementia; & cum elegantis sit animi magnatum injurias ægrè perferre, hinc illum passim in carminibus suis inspiciat Lector hoc malum tristè lugentem, & insignes opibus & dignitate viros acritèr sugillantem, qui literas & eruditionem nihili haberent. Sive Musas parvi faceret Burleius, sive irâ commotus esset quòd illum nimia acerbitate in scriptis suis Auctor noster tractasset, haud facile est judicare. Mihi autem verisimile videtur, talem tantumque virum in rebus publicis continuò versatum, Spenseri per incuriam tantum immemorem fuisse.

Quos ex progenie suâ superstites reliquerit, non ab Historicis ediscendum est. In nuperrimâ tamen Editione Operum Spenseri, in Folio impressa, memoriæ traditum est, Hugolinum Spenserum, ejus pronepotem, Carolo secundo restaurato, restitutum fuisse omnibus terris quas Majores ejus hæreditario jure possiderent. Utcunque hoc sit, pro certo tamen habeatur, cognatum quendam ex suis, regnante Wilhelmo Tertio, in Angliam ex Hiberniâ literis commendatitiis advenisse, sese avita Spenserorum stirpe prognatum esse attestantibus. Ille apud nos benignè exceptus, Dominum Congrevium, poetam ornatissimum adiit, qui eum Honoratissimo Domino Domino Olicanæ Comiti, ærarii Præfecto commendavit, quo pacto jus suum impetravit. De iis, quæ desunt, Spenseri Operibus nihil audiverat, ideòque nullus dubito, quin omnia illa scripta, quorum titulos tantum in hac nostrâ ætate investigare licet, quæque nunquam in lucem sunt enixa, funditus perierint.

CATALOGUS Librorum à Spensero scriptorum qui nunquam fuerint Typis impressi.

NINE Comedies, dedicated to the Nine Muses.

The Dying Pelicane.

The Pageants.

Stemmata Dudleyana.

The Canticles Paraphras'd.

Ecclesiastes.

Seven Psalms.

Houres of our Lord.

Sacrifice of a Sinner.

Purgatory.

A Sen'night's Slumber.

The Court of Cupid.

The Hell of Lovers.

The English Poet.

Epithalamion Thamesis.

The Dreams.

CATALOGUS LIBRORUM A Sponsore scriptorum qui nundum fuerint Typis im-

IN

ÆGLOGA

Prima Mœret neglectus amator.

Secunda Haud impunè spreta senectus.

Tertia Amoris effigies.

Quarta Elizabethæ Reginæ laudes.

Quinta Romana Vulpes, & Pastor Evangelicus.

Sexta Plorat desertus amator.

Septima Pastoris munus, & merces.

Octava Certamen Poeticum.

Nona Peregrinationis incommoda, & Pastorum Romanensium vita pessima.

Decima Alget neglecta Poesis.

Undecima Elegium.

Duodecima Infelix amor.

ERRATA.

Page 11. lin. 5. after *increpans* add *eam*. P. 71. l. 16.
En. P. 73. l. 14. *peronato*. P. 103. l. 13. *ei*. P. 108. l. 4.
Roundelays. P. 112. l. 11. *Woods*. P. 170. l. 12. *wote*. P. 198.
l. 16. *apace*. P. 200. l. 3. *Love*. P. 222. l. 3. *astert*. P. 235.
l. 5. *speratum*.

To his Book.

G O, little Book, thyself present,
As Child whose Parent is unkent,
To him that is the President

Of Nobleness and Chivalrie :
And if that Envie bark at thee,
As sure it will, for Succour flee

Under the Shadow of his Wing.
And asked who thee forth did bring,
A Shepherd's Swain, say, did thee sing,

All as his straying Flock he fed ;
And when his Honour hath thee read,
Crave Pardon, for thy Hardy-head.

But if that any ask thy Name,
Say, thou wert base begot with Blame,
For why thereof thou takest Shame.

And when thou art past Jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of me,
And I will send more after thee.

Immerito.

Auctoris ad Librum suum.

ITO, Liber, te sistito
 Natum patris vix cogniti,
 Coram viro, qui præminet
 Re bellicâ, & natalibus.
 Si livor allatraverit,
 (Quod mox futurum est) illicò
 Hujus sub alas confuge.

Et si rogeris, quo fatus,
 Dic, quòd rudis pastorculus
 Pascens gregem te enixus est.
 Cumque ille te perlegerit,
 Fac deprecere audaciam.

Nomen tuum si quis velit,
 Respondeas te spurium;
 Nomen rubori illinc tibi.
 Et cùm periculum evaseris.
 De me refer quid dixerint,
 Pluresque mox emisero.

J A N U A R Y.

The First Æ G L O G U E.

The ARGUMENT.

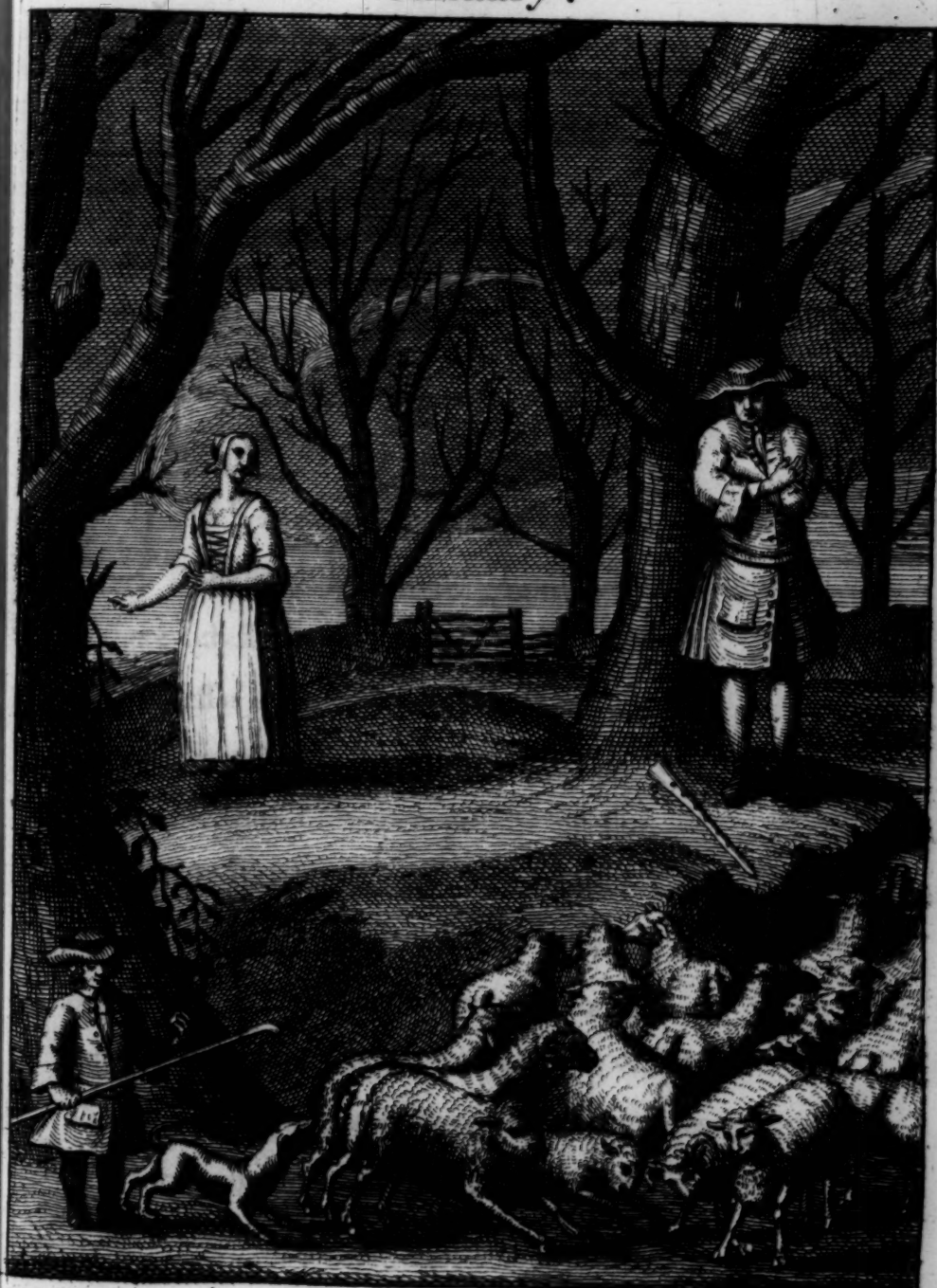
This Æglogue is a Soliloquy of Colin Clout, by which Name the Poet means himself; complaining of the unprosperous Love of Rosalind, and comparing his Condition to that of his wretched weather-beaten Flock, and to the rigorous Season of the Year.

COLIN CLOUT.

A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)
 When Winter's wastfull Spite was almost spent,
 All in a Sunshine Day, as did befall,
 Led forth his Flock, that had been long ypent.
 So faint they woxe, and feeble in the Fold,
 That now uneths their Feet could them uphold.

All as the Sheep, such was the Shepherd's Look,
 For pale and wan he was (alas the while!)
 May seem'd he lov'd, or else some Care he took:
 Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his Stile.
 Tho' to a Hill his fainting Flock he led,
 And thus him plain'd, the while his Sheep there fed.

(3)
January.



P. Fourdrinier sculp.

(2)



W. A. W. V. 1881

J A N U A R I U S.

Æ G L O G A Prima.

ARGUMENTUM.

In sequenti carmine solus loquitur Alexis, sub cujus Personâ exhibetur ipse Spenserus, Duritiem Phyllidis, quam perditè amavit, luētusè canit, & infelicitatem ejus Amoris malæ conditioni tunc temporis Gregis sui, macie penè confecti, æquè ac Inclementiæ Mensis eleganter confert.

ALEXIS.

UPILIO (nec enim titulo potiore miscellus
Dignandus) jam nunc brumâ laxante rigorem,

Æthere sub fudo, (fudus. fortè obtigit æther)

Eduxit fessas diuturno carcere caulæ

Strigofas pecudes, macie brumâque rigentes,

Ut vix succiduo sustentent poplite gressus.

Isque status pecoris Pastoris concolor ori,

Lurida quod macies pallenti tæbe colorat;

Æger curâ forsan, & æger forsan amore;

Scit tamen & calamos inflare, & dicere versus,

Tum pecora ad montem languentia languidus egit,

Effuditque istas, dum pascunt illa, querelas,

Ye Gods of Love, that pittie Lovers Pain,
 (If any Gods the Pain of Lovers pittie,)
 Look from above, where you in Joyes remain,
 And bow your Ears unto my doleful Ditty.
 And *Pan*, thou Shepheard's God, that once did love,
 Pittie the Pains that thou thy self didst prove.

Thou barren Ground whom Winter's Wrath hath wasted,
 Art made a Mirrour, to behold my Plight:
 Whilom thy fresh Spring flowr'd, and after hasted
 Thy Sommer proud, with Daffadillies dight.
 And now is come thy Winter's stormy State,
 Thy Mantle marr'd, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such Rage as Winter's, raigneth in my Heart,
 My Life-bloud freezing, with unkindly Cold:
 Such stormy Stoures do breed my baleful smart:
 As if my Years were waste, and woxen old.
 And yet, alas! but now my Spring begonne,
 And yet, alas! it is already donne.

You naked Trees, whose shady Leaves are lost,
 Wherein the Birds were wont to build their Bowre,
 And now are cloath'd with Moss and hoary Frost,
 Instead of Blossoms, wherewith your Buds did flowre,

O Superi, curas ô qui miseratis amantùm,
 (Si tamen è Superis quisquam miseretur amantes)
 Despicite è cœlis, ubi lætum ducitis ævum,
 Luctifonisque, precor, submitтите cantibus aures.
 Tu quoque pastorum Deus, olim fixus Amoris
 Cuspide *Pan*, priùs expertos miserere dolores.

Effoeta ô tellus, brumalis præda furoris,
 Viva meæ vitæ occasum spectantis imago,
 Te modò millecuplo florum discrimine pinxit
 Ver, tuaque asphodelis stellata superbiit æstas;
 At jam nimbosæ sævit violentia brumæ,
 Quæque triumphabat modò, jam tua purpura sordet.

Pectore sub nostro rabies furit æmula brumæ,
 Nam stupet in venis immiti frigore sanguis:
 Sævit & in nostram tempestas tanta carinam,
 Tanquam jam tremulos spectaret vita *Decembres*.
 Vix tamen (ah miserum!) florescere cœperat annus,
 Et tamen (ah miserum!) mihi jam defloruit annus.

O vos umbroso nudatæ tegmine quercus,
 Quâ volucres vernos gaudebant texere nidos;
 Nunc musco indutæ, canæque horrore pruina,
 En, ubi vestra novo turgebant germina foetu,

I see your Tears that from your Boughs do rain,
Whose Drops in drerie Yficles remain.

Also my lustfull Leaf is drie and fear,
My timely Buds with wailing all are waisted:
The Blossom, which my Branch of Youth did bear,
With breathed Sighs is blown away and blasted.
And from mine Eyes the drizzling Tears descend,
As on your Boughs the Yficles depend.

Thou feeble Flock, whose Fleece is rough and rent,
Whose Knees are weak, through Fast, and evil Fare,
Maist witnefs well by thy ill government,
Thy Master's Mind is overcome with Care:
Thou weak, I wan: thou lean, I quite forlorn,
With Mourning pine I, you with Pining mourn.

A thousand Sighs I curse that carefull houre,
Wherein I long'd the neighbour Town to see:
And eke ten thousand Sighs I bless the Stoure,
Wherein I saw so fair a Sight as she.
Yet all for nought: such Sight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that Love should breed both Joy and Paine.

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plain,
Albee my love he seek with daily suit:

Brachia conspicio lachrymis rorantia crebris,
Pendulaque astrictis glaciatur stiria guttis.

Sic quoque, sic nostræ folia inconcussa juventæ
Nunc flaccet, nimiis curarum exercita ventis;
En, emarcescit foelix flos puberis ævi,
Ustulat & canum mihi præcoqua germina frigus:
Sic vitreis rigui lachrymis rorantur ocelli,
Pendet ut à vestris glacialis stiria ramis.

Languide grex, lacero implicitam qui vellere lanam
Gestas, cui victu jejunia crebra maligno
Hauferunt vires, macie testare, probasque
Obruta sollicitis pastoris pectora curis.
Debilis ille, & tu: Macer es, macrescit & ille:
Languendo luges, lugendo languet & ille.

Damno millenis tempus lachrymabile diris,
Urbs vicina oculis quo primùm erat obvia nostris.
Et tamen illam horam votis bis mille beavi,
Quâ vidi nostram (spectacula tanta) puellam;
Sed frustrà; nostræ primus gradus ille ruinæ:
Proh superi! mellis fœcundi, & fellis amores.

Non importunum queritur mea fistula *Mopsus*,
Ambiat ille meum licèt indefessus amorem.

His clownish Gifts and Curtesies I disdain,
His Kids, his Cracknels, and his early Fruit.

Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy Gifts been vain:

Colin them gives to *Rosalind* again.

I love thilk Lafs, (alafs, why do I love?)

And am forlorn, (alafs, why am I lorn?)

She deigns not my Good-Will, but doth reprove,

And of my rurall Musick holdeth Scorn.

Shepherd's Devise she hateth as the Snake,

And laughs the Songs, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude *Pan* thou please,

Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,

And thou unluckie Muse, that woontst to ease

My musing Mind, yet canst not, when thou should:

Both Pipe and Muse, shall fore the while abie,

So broke his Oaten Pipe, and down did lie.

By that the welked *Phæbus* gan avail

His weary Waine, and now the frosty Night

Her Mantle black through Heaven gan ovehail:

Which seen, the pensive Boy half in Despight

Arose, and homeward drove his funned sheep,

Whose hanging Heads did seem his careful Case to weep.

Agrestis sperno tam rustica munera *Mopsi*;
 Hædos, involucres nidos, & præcoqua poma.
 Inspiciens frustra mittis tua numera *Mopsi*,
 Quæ tuus ille suæ mox *Phillidi* mittit *Alexis*.

Phillis amata mihi est (heu, cur mihi *Phillis* amata?)
 Despectusque ab eâ sum, (cur despectus ab illâ?)
 Respuit usque meos & dedignatur amores,
 Fastiditque audire rudem sufflata cicutam.
 Quin pastorales velut anguem exhorret avenas,
 Subsannatque elata, suus quæ cantat *Alexis*.

Ergo places licet agresti, mea fistula, *Pani*,
 Cùm tamen haud placeas ubi vellem sola placeres;
 Et tu, Musa, meos sopire assueta dolores,
 Nunc oblita tamen, cum res efflagitat, artis,
 Solvetis meritas, & Musa & Fistula, pœnas:
 Tum calamos frangit, fususque recumbit in herbam.

Jam Sol emeritos devexo tramite currus
 Urgebat præceps, glaciatoque horrida rore,
 Nox involvebat furvo velamine terram:
 Ut videt, arrodens cæcis præcordia curis
 Surgit, apricatas pecudes ad ovilia cogens
 Upilio, vultu referentes fata Magistri.

F E B R U A R Y.
The Second Æ G L O G U E.

The ARGUMENT.

Cuddy, a young Shepherd, inveighing against the Season of the Year, and comparing it to old Age, which he treats with Scorn, is reprov'd by Thenot, an old Shepherd; who to shew his Folly, relates a moral Fable of an Oak and a Briar, but without curing the young Shepherd's Vanity. By Tityrus, mention'd in this Æglogue, and elsewhere in the Author's Works, is meant Geoffrey Chaucer, in Imitation of whose Style and Manner this Æglogue is written.

CUDDY. THENOT.

CUDDY..

AH for Pitty, will rank Winter's Rage,
These bitter Blasts never gin t'assuage?
The keen Cold blows through my beaten Hide;
All as I were through the body gride.
My ragged Ronts all shiver and shake,
As done high Towers in an Earthquake:
They wont in the Wind wagge their wriggle Tails,
Pearke as a Peacock, but now it availles.

THENOT.

February.



P. Fourdrinier sculp.

February



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F E B R U A R I U S.

Æ G L O G A Secunda.

ARGUMENTUM.

Damon, *Pastor Juvenis, sævitiam hyemis increpans, senectuti conferendo, (quam despiciatui habet) reprehenditur à Thyrsi, Pastore jene, qui ut ejus insipientiam palàm faceret, moralem narrat fabulam de Quercu & Vepre; quæ tamen ad eradicandam Juvenis arrogantiam nihil valuit. Tityri nomine hæc Æglogâ memorati, & alibi apud Auctorem nostrum, intelligitur Galfridus Chaucerus, cujus scribendi methodum, satis liquet, Spenferum, in hæc Æglogâ, imitari.*

DAMON.

THYRSIS.

DAMON.

AHI Superi, nunquámne hyemis defæviet ira?
Nunquámne immites ponent sua flamina venti?

Squamosam findit frigus penetrabile pellem,

Ossa mihi rigidis ut credam pervia ventis.

Strigosique boves vibrantur frigore corpus,

Summæ ut succussio nutant fundamine turre:

Affuetique suæ sinuare volumina caudæ,

Perque auras agitare; en! ut sub ventre remulcent.

THENOT.

Lewdly complaineſt, thou laſie Lad,
 Of Winter's Wrack for making thee ſaid.
 Muſt not the World wend in his common Courſe,
 From good to bad, and from bad to worſe,
 From worſe, unto that is worſt of all,
 And then to return to his former Fall?
 Who will not ſuffer the ſtormy Time,
 Where will he live till the luſty Prime?
 Self have I worn out thrice thirty Years,
 Some in much Joy, many in many Tears:
 Yet never complained of Cold nor Heat,
 Of Summer's Flame, nor of Winter's Threat:
 Ne never was to Fortune Foe-man,
 But gently took, that ungently came,
 And ever my Flock was my chief Care,
 Winter or Summer they mought well fare.

CUDDY.

No marvail, *Thenot*, if thou can beare
 Chearfully the Winter's wrathfull Cheare;
 For Age and Winter accord full nie,
 This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrie;

And

THYRSIS.

Improbe, cur rigidæ fundis convicia brumæ,
 Obvia quod solito tua terga rigore laceſſat?
 Nonne ſuis celeres decurrunt legibus anni?
 Succedunt inviſa bonis, pejorâque pravis:
 Pejora excipiunt tandem deterrima, & inde
 In ſe tranſacti celeris rota volvitur ævi.
 Qui non hybernas patietur frigoris iras,
 Quò ſe proripiet, redeant dum veris honores?
 Ipſe ego (qui effœtus jam) ter ſex luſtra peregi,
 Nunc riſu effuſus, nunc fletu abſorptus amaro;
 Nunquam æſtus, nunquam torpentia frigora queſtus,
 Brumaleſve minas, aut ſummi tædia ſolis;
 Nec torvam rabadâ fortunam voce laceſſi,
 Mente ferens æquâ quæ ſors infixit iniqua;
 Cura pecus ſemper mihi noſtræ credita curæ,
 Æſtate ut ſaturent hanc paſcua, pabula brumâ.

DAMON.

Non equidem miror, ſi tu (rigidiſſime *Thyſi*)
 Infanos brumæ fers æquâ mente rigores:
 Nam tremulæ tremula eſt affinis bruma ſenectæ,
 Hæc friget, riget illa; hæc canet, canet & illa.

Utque

And as the lowring Weather looks down,
 So seemest thou like Good-Friday to frown.
 But my flow'ring Youth is Foe to Frost,
 My Ship unwont in Storms to be toft.

THENOT.

The Sovereign of Seas he blames in vaine,
 That once Sea-beat will to Sea againe.
 So loytering live you little Heard-groomes,
 Keeping your Beasts in the budded Broomes.
 And when the shining Sun laugheth once,
 You deemen the Spring is come at once.
 Tho' gin you, fond Flies, the Cold to scorn:
 And crowing in Pipes made of green Corn,
 You thinken to be Lords of the Year:
 But eft, when you count ye freed from Fear,
 Comes the breme Winter with chamfred Browes,
 Full of Wrinkles and frosty Furrowes,
 Drerely shooting his stormie Dart,
 Which cruddles the Blood, and pricks the Heart.
 Then is your careles Courage accoyed,
 Your carefull Heards with Cold be annoyed.

Then

Utque æther terris iratus luce malignâ
 Contristat pluviis cœlum, sic torva tuetur
 Nubila frons; tua sic ætas obnubilat ora,
 Morosa ut tristem caperant jejunia vultum.
 Ætas nostra virens canæ est inimica pruinæ,
 Nec mea brumales ratis est experta procellas.

THYRSIS.

Nequicquam incusat *Neptunia* numina demens,
 Qui credit tumido jam naufraga carbasa ponto.
 Sic, sic ignavi, pastoria turba, puelli
 Pascitis auricomis balantum armenta genistis.
 Quod si sol forsan vultu meliore renidet,
 Ver rediisse statim, brumâ cedente, putatis.
 Indè juvat victos hyemis ridere furores,
 Et stipulâ argutas interstridere cicadas,
 Vósque anni dominos, malè credula turba, putatis.
 Sæpe tamen cùm vos defunctos esse periclo,
 Speratis, subito rugoso pallida vultu
 Bruma venit, fulcis perarata senilibus ora,
 Quâque procellosas tremulè jaculata sagittas;
 Cor stupet hinc, rigidus coit in præcordia sanguis.

Tum

Then pay you the Price of your Surquedrie,
With Weeping, and Wayling, and Misery.

Cuddy.

Ah foolish old Man, I scorne thy Skill,
That wouldest me, my springing Youth to spill.
I deem thy Brain emperished be,
Through rusty Eld, that hath rotted thee :
Or fiker thy head very tottie is,
So on thy corbe Shoulder it leans amiss.
Now thy self hath lost both Lop and Top,
Als my budding Branch thou wouldest crop :
But were thy Years green, as now been mine,
To other Delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learn to caroll of Love,
And hery with Hymnes thy Lasses Glove.
Tho wouldest thou pipe of *Phillis* Praise :
But *Phillis* is mine for many Dayes.
I wonne her with a Girdle of Gelt,
Emboft with Bugle about the Belt.
Such an one Shepheards would make full fain :
Such an one would make thee young again.

Tum demum cadet inconsultâ ferocia vobis,
 Et pecudes brumâ recrudescente rigescunt,
 Commeritas pendit tum vestra superbia pœnas,
 Planctuque, & gemitu, glomeratôque agmine cladum.

DAMON.

Non hujus facio monitus (delire) seniles;
 Ætatis vernans brumæ me exponere germen
 Velles? exhaustum puto defecisse cerebrum,
 Exedit exsuccæ tibi quod rubigo senectæ,
 Utque caput quassum malè justo pondere nutat;
 Sic & gibbosâ obstipum cervice recumbit;
 Quumque tibi toto periit cum germine truncus;
 Vis nostrum parili florem marcescere fato.
 Quòd si æquæva meæ tibi jam floresceret ætas,
 Mox aliò sensus defletheret alma voluptas;
 Tum tua formosam resonaret *Phyllida* canna,
 Æternum nostro devotam *Phyllida* amorì.
 Hanc mihi demerui quando aurea cingula misi,
 Cingula queis bullis stellatur balthæus aureis.
 Talia Pastores lætos, vultusque serenos
 Efficerent, vitæque tuæ revirescere florèm.

C

THYRSIS.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy Love to boast:
All that is lent to Love will be lost.

CUDDY.

Seeft, how brag yon Bullock beares,
So smirke, so smooth, his pricked Eares?
His Hornes been as brade, as Rainbow bent,
His Dew-lap as lithe, as Lafs of *Kent*.
See how he venteth into the Wind;
Weeneft of Love is not his Mind?
Seemeth thy Flock thy Counsell can,
So lustless been they, so weak, so wan.
Cloathed with Cold, and hoary with Frost,
Thy Flock's Father his Courage hath lost.
Thy Ewes that wont to have blown Bags,
Like wailfull Widows hanging their Crag.
The rather Lambes been starved with Cold,
All for their Master is lustless and old.

THENOT.

Cuddy, I wot thou kenst little Good,
So vainly to advance thy headless Hood.

For

THYRSIS.

Desipis, ingratos jactando infans amores;
His quæcunque dabis, rapidis dabis irrita ventis.

DAMON.

En: Viden' ? ille meus, subrufâ fronte juvençus,
Quàm bellè arrectas crispât petulantius aures !
Iridos ut lunata imitantur cornua flexum,
Cantiacas vincunt palearia mollia nymphas.
Aspicias elatis auras ut naribus haurit ?
Non illum dulces meditari credis amores ?
Credo tuas pecudes mentem callere magistri ;
Corpore sic languent omnes, animoque fatiscunt,
Tergorâque horrentes brumâ, canæque pruina,
Dux gregis obtuso fractoque vigore relanguet ;
Quæ modò turgidulæ tendebant ubera matres,
Ut viduæ prono tellurem lumine figunt !
Primigenas agnos brumalis concutit horror :
Quippe regit vetulus defectus viribus illos.

THYRSIS.

Non operæ frugivæ bonæ te censeo, (*Damon*)
Qui tumidè vanas sic tollis ad æthera cristas.

For Youth is a Bubble blown up with Breath,
 Whose Wit is Weakness, whose Wage is Death,
 Whose Way is Wilderness, whose Inne Pennance,
 And stoop gallant Age, the Host of Grievance.
 But shall I tell thee a Tale of Truth,
 Which I cond of *Tilyrus* in my Youth,
 Keeping his Sheep on the Hils of *Kent*?

CUDDY.

To nought more, *Thenot*, my Minde is bent,
 Then to hear Novels of his Devise:
 They been so well thewed, and so wise,
 Whatever that good old Man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meet Tales of Youth did he make,
 And some of Love, and some of Chivalrie;
 But none fitter than this to apply:
 Now listen awhile, and hearken the End.

THERE grew an aged Tree on the Green,
 A goodly Oake sometime had it been;
 With Arms full strong and largely display'd,
 But of their Leaves they were disaray'd:

The

Nam fatis inflato est instar turgescere bullæ,
 Cui mens est amens ; cui mors est debita merces ;
 Cui via desertum ; cui diverforia pœna,
 Inflatique ætas domitrix, solita hospita curis.
 Sed vin' fabellam tibi me pertexere, quondam
 Quam pubescenti dixit mihi *Tityrus* ævo,
 Quà pandit lætos celeberrima *Cantia* Colles ?

DAMON.

Nil æquè vellem, nil est optatius illis,
 Quæ senis ex hujus lepidò fluxere cerebro ;
 Tanta in facundis lucet sapientia dictis,
 Doctiloquo quæcunque senex deprompsit ab ore.

THYRSIS.

Hic cecinit Venerem, Martem, effrænemque juventam,
 Verum sub ficti velo sermonis obumbrans ;
 E queis præ reliquis in nos hæc fabula quadrat.
 Nunc aures adhibe, & quo se feret exitus, audi.

ANNOSA en puri stetit arbor in æquore campi,
 Quæ quondam quercus, nunc truncus, inutile lignum :
 Latæque jam modicâ sua brachia porrigit umbrâ,
 Brachia, quæ frondis nudârat honore senecta ;

The Body bigge and mightily pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous Height:
 Whilom had been the King of the Field,
 And mochell Mast to the Husband did yield,
 And with his Nuts larded many Swine ;
 But now the gray Mofs marred his Rine.
 His bared Boughes were beaten with Storms,
 His Top was bald, and wasted with Worms,
 His Honour decay'd, his Braunches fere.

Hard by his Side grew a bragging Breere,
 Which proudly thrust into th'Element,
 And seemed to threat the Firmament.
 It was embellisht with Bloffoms fair,
 And thereto aye wonned to repair
 The Shepheard's Daughters to gather Flowers.
 To paint their Girlonds with his Colowres.
 And in his small Bushes used to shrowde
 The sweet Nightingale singing so lowd.
 Which made this foolish Breere wex so bold ;
 That on a Time he cast him to scold,
 And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old,

Ingenti trunco, demissa in viscera terræ,
 Tendat ut in cœlos vertex, in Tartara radix.
 Altior hæc sylvam quondam despexerat omnem,
 Et gratum domino fuerat vectigal agresti,
 Innumerâ porcos numerosos glande faginans;
 Glaucâ at nunc musci squalet putredine cortex,
 Nunc pulsant rigidæ ramalia nuda procellæ,
 Calvóque informes pascuntur vertice vermes,
 Deflorescit honos, & brachia nuda putrescunt.

Ad latus huic surgens spinis paliurus acutis,
 Armatas hamis extollit in æthera frondes,
 Inque altum jactat ramos, cœlóque minatur,
 Formoso florum vernabat honore superbis.
 Semper & agrestes huc adventare solebant
 Pastorum natæ, paliuri & carpere flores,
 Quos sunt floricomis solitæ intertexere fertis,
 Sæpius istius ramis innixa sedebat
 Prata volubilibus mulcens Philomela fusurris:
 Hinc tanta infano crevit fiducia vepri,
 Ausit ut annofo convitia fundere trunco,
 Atque infœcundam multùm exprobare senectam.

Why standst there, (quoth he) thou brutish Block?
 Nor for Fruit, nor for Shadow, serves thy Stock:
 Seest how fresh my Flowers beene spread,
 Died in Lilly-white, and Crimfin-red,
 With Leaves engrained in lusty Green,
 Colours meet to cloath a Mayden Queen?
 Thy waste Bigness but cumpers the Ground,
 And dirkes the Beauty of my Blossoms round.
 The mouldie Moss which thee accloyeth,
 My Cinnamon Smell too much annoyeth.
 Wherefore I rede thee hence to remove,
 Lest thou the Price of my Displeasure prove.
 So spake this bold Breere with great Disdain:
 Little him answered the Oake again,
 But yielded, with Shame and Grief adawed,
 That of a Weed he was overcrawed.

It chaunced after upon a Day,
 The Husbandman's self to come that way,
 Of Custome to surview his Ground,
 And his Trees of State in compass round.
 Him when the spightfull Breere had espied,
 Causeless complained, and lowdly cried,

Unto

Quid stas vernanti jam stipes inutilis agro,
 Cùm tua nec fructu moles, nec proficit umbra?
 Aspicias, ut nostri laxant nova germina flores,
 Lilia qui candore, rubore rosaria vincant,
 Ut vivo vernant folia hæc induta virore,
 Qui color innuptam potuit decuisse Dianam?
 Vestra ingens læto moles incommoda campo,
 Nostris invisas offundit frondibus umbras :
 Quique tuo canus dependet cortice muscus
 Infecit nostros, spirantes Cinnama, flores.
 Ergo (en! præmoneo) procul hinc, annosa, faceffe,
 Nè nostri solvas pretium non vile furoris.
 Dixerat hæc vepres, voce indignatus acerbâ,
 At nil è contrà quercus longæva locuta
 Cedebat, tristi & perculsa pudore dolebat,
 Probrosis vili dictis à vepre laceffi.

Indè die quodam (sic fors & fata volebant)
 Intulit huc gressus ejusdem cultor agelli,
 Dum de more suos invisit sedulus agros,
 Condendisque notat quæ trabs accommoda tectis.
 Hunc simulac vidit læto paliurus in arvo,
 (Ut jam sopitos litis malè suscitaret ignes)

Ultrò

Unto his Lord, stirring up stern Strife :

O my leige Lord, the God of my Life,

Pleaseth you pond your suppliant's Plaint,

Caused of wrong, and cruel Complaint,

Which I your poor Vassall daily endure ;

And but your Goodness the same recure,

Am like for desperate Dole to die,

Through felonous Force of mine Enemy.

Greatly agast with this pitious Plea,

Him rested the Good-man on the Lea,

And bad the Breere in his Plaint proceed.

With painted Words tho gan this proud Weed,

(As most usen ambitious Folke)

His coloured Crime with Craft to cloke.

Ah my Sovereign, Lord of Creatures all,

Thou Placer of Plants, both humble and tall ;

Was not I planted of thine own Hand,

To be the Primrose of all thy Land,

With flowring Blossoms to furnish the Prime,

And scarlet Berries in Summer Time ?

How fals it then, that this faded Oake,

Whose Body is fere, whose Branches broke,

Whose

Ultrò conqueritur, magnâque ità voce profatur.

O Domine, ô à quo pendet mea vita, salusque,
Sollicitos æquo dignare examine questus,
Quos nunc extorsit violenta injuria, quali
Vestrum ego mancipium (nec spes super ulla) laboro:
Et tua nî lapsis succurrat dextera rebus,
Me mittet Stygiis dolor insuperabilis umbris,
Hostis eò crevit funesta potentia nostri.

Attonitus multùm miserandâ voce colonus,
Gramineo viridis confedit cespite campi,
Atque rubum jussit scelerato pergere questu;
Inde audax cœpit phaleratis herbula dictis,
(Ambitioforum mos hic solennis agendi)
Artis pigmentis fucatum obtexere crimen.

O cui cùm cunctis famulatur sylva viretis,
Qui feris immanes quercus, humilesque myricas,
Non tua me teneram defixit dextera plantam,
Prima ut sylvestris lucerem gloria campi,
Illustrans vernos formosis floribus agros,
Æstatemque rubris possem ditare racemis?
Hoc ergo unde venit? Cur annis obsita quercus,
Exsuccus cujus truncus, ramalia fracta,

Nuda

Whose naked Arms stretch unto the Fire,
 Unto such Tyranny doth aspire,
 Hindring with his Shade my lovely Light,
 And robbing me of the sweet Sun's Sight?
 So beat his old Boughes my tender Side,
 That oft the Bloud springeth from Wounds wide:
 Untimely my Flowers forced to fall,
 That been the Honour of your Coronal:
 And oft he lets his Canker-worms light
 Upon my Branches, to work me more Spight;
 And oft his hoary Locks down doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh Florets been defast.
 For this and many more such Outrage,
 Craving your Godlyhead to asswage
 The rancorous Rigour of his Might.
 Nought ask I, but only to hold my Right;
 Submitting me to your good Sufferance,
 And praying to be guarded from Greevance.

To this, this Oake cast him to reply,
 Well as he couth, but his Enemy
 Had kindled such Coles of Displeasure,
 That the good Man would stay his Leasure,

But

Nuda in vicinos quæ brachia porrigit ignes,
 In nos exercet regnum imperiosius æquo,
 Obnubens umbrâ nostrum malè grata nitorem,
 Solaremque mihi discludens invida lucem !
 En! cariosa meum pertundunt brachia corpus,
 Manet ut obtrito viridis de cortice sanguis ;
 Hinc immaturo dejecti tempore flores,
 Quæ prima esse solent capiti gestamina vestro.
 Sæpe etiam turpes, exeso è stipite, bruchos
 Dejecit in ramos, pars nè qua illæsa maneret.
 Sæpeque canentes calvo de vertice cyrrhi
 Delapsi vivum florum obfuscâre nitorem.
 Contra hæc, atque alia in nostram tentata salutem,
 Auxilium supplex posco, ut tua scilicet hostis
 Latè grassantem refrænet dextra furorem.
 Unum hoc, nè primâ cogar decedere forte.
 Sic hæc iudicio vestro pensanda relinquens,
 Oro vicinum perituro arcere periculum.

His mota, ad causam quercus se accingit agendam,
 Diluat ut fictum crimen ; sed prævius hostis
 Irarum tantas exciverat antè procellas,
 Ut decernendæ non sit data copia litis.

Hic

But home him hasted with furious Heat,
 Encreasing his Wrath with many a Threat:
 His harmfull Hatchet he hent in Hand,
 (Alas! that it so ready should stand)
 And to the Field anon he speedeth:
 (Aye little Help to harm there needeth)
 Anger would let him speak to the Tree,
 Enaunter his Rage might cooled be;
 But to the Root bent his sturdy Stroake,
 And made many Wounds in the waste Oake.
 The Axes Edge did oft turn again,
 As half unwilling to cut the Grain,
 Seemed, the senseless Iron did fear,
 Or to wrong holy Eld did forbear.
 For it had been an ancient Tree,
 Sacred with many a Myfteree.
 And often crost with the Priest's Crew,
 And often hallowed with holy Water Dew:
 But like fanfies weren foolery,
 And broughten this Oake to this Misery.
 For nought mought they quitten him from Decay;
 For fiercely the good Man at him did lay.

Hic sua tecta petens, ultrici fervidus ira,
 Volvebat sub corde minas, acuitque furorem.
 Et jam funestâ dextra est armata securi,
 (Hei mihi, tam promptè occurrit scelerata securis!)
 Jamque relegit iter, solus repetivit agellum.
 (Quantillâ ah opus est ope cui sunt vota nocendi!)
 Quò minùs appellet quercum, gravis obstitit ira,
 Mollescens sensum nè fors languesceret ardor ;
 Atqui in radicem libratos destinat ictus,
 Ingeminans tremulo creberrima vulnera trunco ;
 At sæpe inflictae est acies replicata securi,
 Et jussa invitum penetrabat corpora ferrum.
 Detrectasse operam videatur adacta securis,
 Aut timidè abstinuisse sacram violare senectam.
 Nam longæva trabes multos jam vixerat annos,
 Culta metu Patrumque, & relligione nepotûm :
 Transversóque crucis signo, quam sæpè rotatam
 Illam lustrali festus circumtulit undâ
 Sacrificus ; sed cura superstitiosa colentûm
 Vana fuit, miseram nequiens arcere senectam ;
 Aut jam vicinum trepidanti avertere casum.
 Nam dominus ferrum totâ cervice reductum

Vibrat,

The Block oft groaned under the Blow,
 And sighed to see his near Overthrow.
 In fine, the Steel had pierced his Pith,
 Tho down to the Ground he fell forthwith.
 His wondrous Weight made the Ground to quake,
 Th'Earth shrunk under him, and seemed to shake.
 There lyeth the Oake pittied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,
 Puffed up with Pride and vain Pleasance:
 But all this Glee had no Continuance.
 For eftsoons Winter gan to approach,
 The blustering *Boreas* did encroach,
 And beat upon the solitary Breere;
 For now no Succour was him neere.
 Now gan he repent his Pride too late,
 Yore naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting Frost nipt his Stalk dead;
 The watry Wet weighed down his Head,
 And heaped Snow burdned him so fore,
 That now upright he can stand no more;
 And being down, is trod in the Durt
 Of Cattel, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.

Such

Vibrat, ut inflicto tremere sub verbere truncus,
 Vicinamque videns gemeret properare ruinam.
 Cúmque chalybs mediam penetrârat adusque medullam,
 Corruit, & duxit de nubibus acta ruinam;
 Quassavit lassatam immani pondere terram,
 Cedit & ipsa oneri, latè & succussa tremiscit;
 Ecce! cadit quercus, nullo miserante cadentem.

Nunc vacuo inflatus regnat paliurus in agro,
 Vanaque ventoso turgescunt pectora fastu;
 Sed viget ad tempus non duratura voluptas.
 Nam tumidis irrumpit hyems armata procellis,
 Et rigidus gelido Boreas bacchatur ab axe,
 Pulsans dejecto viduatam robore veprem;
 (Nullâ etenim stabat munitus parte misellus)
 Nunc igitur ferâ damnat sua vota querelâ:
 Namque quòd assueto nudatus tegmine stabat,
 Torpentem glacies mordebat frigore caulem,
 In terram nutans madido caput imbre gravatur,
 Et jam lassâ nimis subsidunt pondere terga,
 Amplius ut nequeant surrecto stipite stare;
 Tum prostratus humi, & submersus vertice, cœno
 Obteritur pedibus, carpunt & brachia tauri;

Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
For scorning Eld.

Cuddy.

Now I pray thee, Shepherd, tell it not forth,
Here is a long Tale, and little worth;
So long have I listned to thy Speech,
That graffed to the Ground is my Breech:
My Heart Blood is well nie frorne I feel,
And my Galage grown fast to my Heel:
But little Eafe of thy lewd Tale I tasted,
Hie thee home Shepherd, the Day is nie wasted.

MARCH.

En talem vepris fortita superbia finem,
Quod senium spreuit.

DAMON.

Ohe; jam fatis est, jam finem abrumpe loquelæ,
Siste gradum, ad nihilum tantis ambagibus itur.
Lassas arrexī lentis sermonibus aures,
Dum miseri clunes hærent tellure refixi;
Quinetiam in venis stupidum riguisse cruorem
Sentio, & en! calci concrevit pera gelato:
Non facit ad tales hæc improba fabula casus:
Ito domum, pastor, prope jam lux occidit, ito.

D 2

MARTIUS.

M A R C H.

The Third Æ G L O G U E.

The ARGUMENT.

Two Shepherds take occasion from the Approach of Spring to discourse of Love, describ'd here as a Person. One of them relates a Story of his having discover'd him lately hid in a Bush, and of his being wounded by him.

WILLIE.

THomalin, why fitten we so,
As weren overwent with Woe,
Upon so fair a Morrow?

The joyous Time now nigheth fast,
That shall aligge this bitter Blast,
And slake the Winter Sorrow.

THOMALIN.

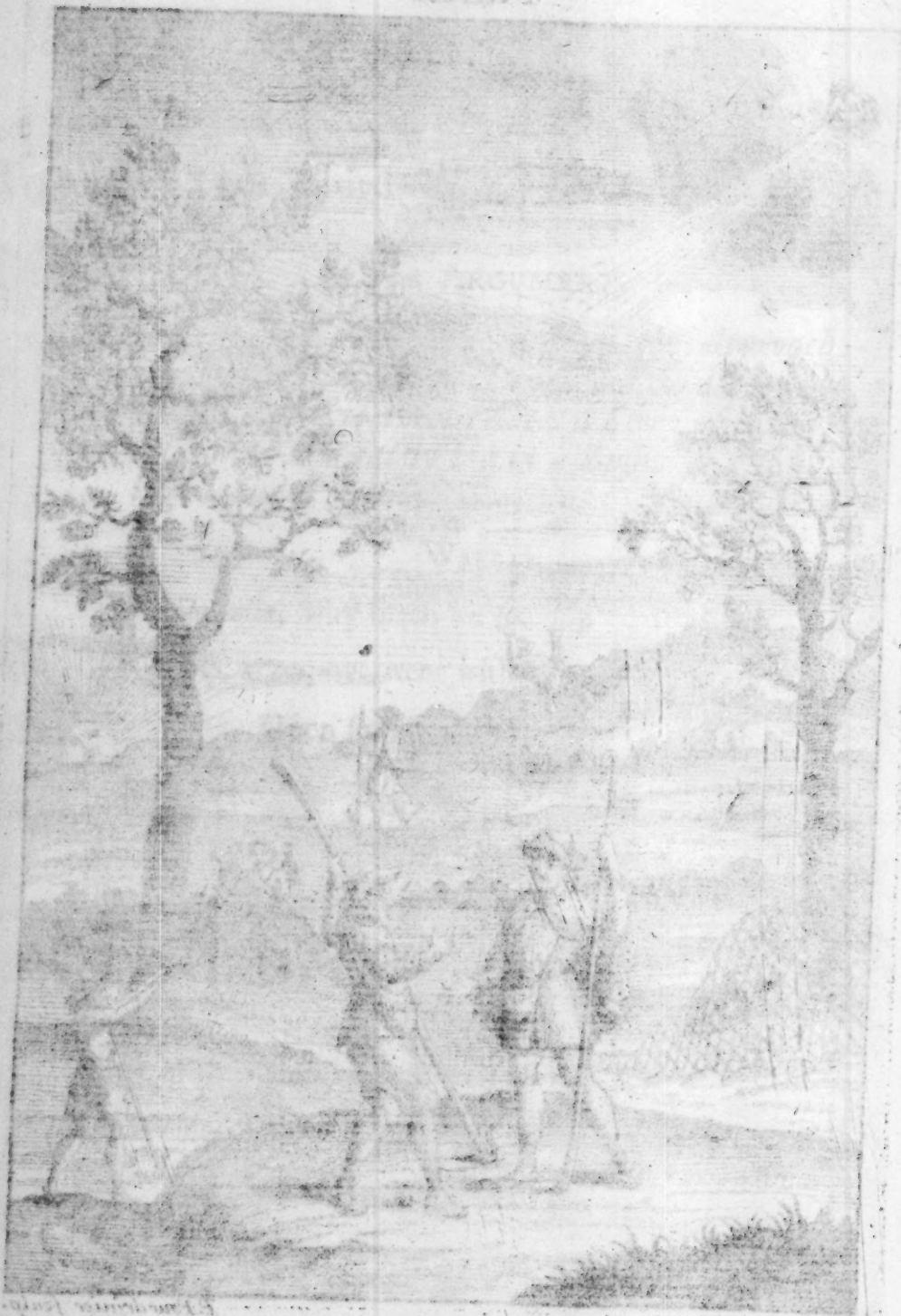
Siker *Willie*, thou warneest well;
For Winter's Wrath begins to quel,
And pleasant Spring appeareth.

March.



P. Fourdrinier sculp.

1814



James Smith del.

M A R T I U S.

Æ G L O G A Tertia.

ARGUMENTUM.

Bini Pastores, vere adveniente, de Amore colloquuntur, qui hîc describitur sub specie Personæ. Horum alter historiam narrat, ut vidisset eum sub arbusto latentem, & vehementer dolet, se sagittis suis esse vulneratum.

LAMPUS, ALSUS.

ALSE, cur mœsti residemus unâ,
Pectora ut curis domiti inquietis,

Dum novis Phœbus radiis ferenus

Purpurat agros?

Obvia en votis venit hora nostris,

Quæ coercebit Boreæ furores,

Quæ graves Brumæ malè sævientis

Leniet iras.

ALS. Euge, quàm bellè monuisti! (amice)

Namque mitescunt hyemis rigores,

Appetit jam ver roseis revinctum

Tempora fertis;

The Grasse now gins to be refresht,
The Swallow peeps out of her Nest,

And cloudie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seest not thilk same Hawthorn studded

How bragly it begins to bud,

And utter his tender Head?

Flora now calleth forth each Flower,

And bids make ready *Maia's* Bower,

That new is uprist from Bed.

Tho shall we sporten in Delight,

And learn with *Lettice* to wexe light,

That scornfully looks askaunce;

Tho will we little Love awake,

That now sleepeth in *Lethe* Lake,

And pray him leaden our Daunce,

THOMALIN.

Willie, I weene thou bee affot;

For lusty Love still sleepeth not,

But

Jámque lactescens revirescit herba,

Speñtat è nidis vigilax hirundo,

Et repurgato fugiunt citata

Nubila cœlo.

LAMP. Ut frutex illo tener in rubeto

Trudit è rupta cute germen actum,

Et caput vernum temerè in remissas

Exerit auras !

Evocat vernos nova Flora foetus,

Nectit & gratam Maïæ coronam,

Quæ modo & terræ gremio solutæ

Orta refulsit.

Nunc monet ludos agitare tempus,

Et leves nosmet jubet esse Naïs,

Deviâ obliquos acie retorquens

In latus orbes.

Nunc & alatum puerum excitemus,

(Dormit hic propter vada nigra Lethes).

Præsit ut nostris agilis choreis

Ductor amicus.

ALSUS. Falleris verò nimiùm remotus,

Non capit somnos puer ales unquam,

But is abroad at his Game.

WILLIE.

How kenst thou that he is awoke?

Or hast thy self his Slumber broke?

Or made privie to the fame?

THOMALIN.

No, but happily I him spide,

Where in a Bush he did him hide,

With Wings of Purple and Blew.

And were not that my Sheep would stray,

The privie Marks I would bewray,

Whereby by Chaunce I him knew.

WILLIE.

Thomalin, have no Care for thy,

My self will have a double Eye:

Ylike to my Flock and thine;

For als at home I have a Sire,

A Stepdame eke as hote as Fire,

That

Semper alternis animis amantūm

Ludit, & errat.

LAMPUS. Quomodo nōsti vigilare Amorem?

An quiescentem puerum excitāsti?

An quiescentem tibi qui excitavit

Dixerit alter?

ALSUS. Neutiquam; at casu duce conspicabar,

Dum sub arbuſto viridi latebat,

Cæulas inter radiata pennas

Purpura tinxit.

Et niſi errarent pecudes protervæ,

Jam notas eſſem tibi proditurus,

Fortè queis natum modo deprehendi

Cypridis eſſe.

LAMPUS. Hoc onus noſtris humeris recumbat,

Excubent viſus in utrumque noſtri,

Et gregem noſtrum pariterque veſtrum

Semper obibunt.

Ah! domi nobis pater eſt ſeverus,

Acrior flammis etiam noverca ;

Hi,

That duly adayes counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,

My Sheep for that may chaunce to swerve,

And fall into some Mischief.

For sithence is but the third Morrow,

That I chaunc'd to fall asleep with Sorrow,

And waked again with Grief.

The while thilke same unhappy Ewe,

Whose clouted Leg her Hurt doth shew,

Fell headlong into a Dell,

And there unjoynted both her Bones:

Mought her Neck been jointed attones,

She should have need no more Spell.

Hi, domum quando pecudes reduco,

Ambo recensent.

ALSUS. Non satis caulis tua cura utrisque,

Fortè aget nostras pecudes per arva,

Proprio accersens capiti periculum,

Devius error.

Vix abhinc Titan abiit secundus,

Cum mihi indulgi modicam quietem,

Postea exsomnis graviore stringor

Corda flagello.

Interim infœlix ovis illa, cujus

Fasciis, vulnus docet, involuta

Tibia, in cæcam foveam supina

Præcipitatur.

Indè compages utriusque nodi

Luxat, ô nervis utinam solutis

Vertebræ illifam premeret medullam

Saucia cervix!

Non magos rursus exigeret fufurros,

Effet aut contra mala munienda

Voce, cùm tuto pecudes ovili

Claudq repôstas.

Tam

Th'elf was so wanton and so wood,

(But now I trow can better good)

She mought ne gang on the Green.

WILLIE.

Let be, as may be, that is past;

That is to come, let be forecast.

Now tell us what thou hast seen?

THOMALIN.

It was upon a Holiday,

When Shepherd's Grooms han leave to play,

I cast to goe a Shooting:

Long wandring up and down the Land,

With Bow and Bolts in every Hand,

For Birds in Bushes tooting:

At length within the Ivie Todd,

(There shrowded was the little God)

I heard a busie Buftling.

I bent my Bolt against the Bush,

Liftning

Tam procax nuper, petulans, proterva,

(Spero nunc frugi melioris esse)

Nollet ut nostro grege mista notum

Carpere gramen.

LAMPUS. Ut tulit casus, maneat peracta,

Excubes curis vigil in futura;

Quæque sint vestris oculis per agros

Obvia, pande.

ALSUS. Festa lux, albis celebris lapillis,

Ferias lætis pueris ferebat,

Alites cùm me calamis ferire

Impetus egit.

Dum diu lætis spatatus agris,

Dexteram armatus levibus sagittis,

Quæro per nanas volucres myricas

Dulcè strepentes.

Tandem in arbuftis hederâ revinctis

Ales Abstrusus puer hic latebat:

Audio quendam strepitum trementes

Edere ramos.

Dirigo in sepem attonitus sagittam,

Lifting if any Thing did rush,
But then heard no more Rustling.

Tho peeping close into the Thick,
Might see the moving of some quick,
Whose Shape appeared not:

But were it Fairy, Feend, or Snake,
My Courage earn'd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.

With that sprang forth a naked Swain,
With spotted Wings like Peacock's Train,
And laughing lope to a Tree;

His gilden Quiver at his Back,
And silver Bow which was but slack,
Which lightly he bent at me.

That seeing I level'd again,
And shot at him with Might and Main,

Aure folerti strepitum aucupatus,

Nullus arrectas fragor hinc laceffit

Obvius aures.

Lumine arbuſtum penetrans ſagaci,

Corpus hîc vivum video moveri,

Nulla at occurrit facies latentis

Corporis indè :

Incubus feu fit, lemures, vel anguis,

Sive quid monſtri, libet excitare,

Ergo lunato jaculatus arcu

Spicula torſi.

Troſſulus nudo micat indè tergo,

Fimbriis pavi aſſimilatus alas,

Proxima aſcendens agili citatus

Robora ſaltu.

Aurea à tergo ſonuit pharetra,

Lentus argento radiabat arcus,

Hunc adaptatâ ſinuans ſagittâ

Dirigit in me.

Hoc videns, tenſo furioſus arcu,

Impigrè fuſas glomero ſagittas,

Ut

As thick, as it had hayled.

So long I shot, that all was spent,

Tho pumie Stones I hastily hent,

And threw : but nought awayled.

He was so wimble and so wight,

From Bough to Bough he leaped light,

And oft the Pumies latched.

Therewith afraid, I ranne away;

But he, that earst seem'd but to play,

A Shaft in earnest snatched,

And hit me running in the Heel:

For then I little Smart did feel,

But soon it fore increased.

And now it rankleth more and more,

And inwardly it festreth fore,

Ne wote I how to cease it.

Ut ruit cœlo crepitans ab alto

Grandinis imber.

Tam diu torſi volucres ſagittas,

Donec effuſis calamis inermis,

Dexterâ arreptos lapides vibrarem

Irritus auſi.

Tam levi niſu librat ille corpus,

Mutet ut, ſaltu ſuperante, ramos :

Saxa mox in ſe medio rotata in-

tercipit ictu.

Territus grefſu hinc fugio citato,

At puer viſus modò qui jocari,

Seriò promit gravidâ ſonora

Tela pharetrâ.

Et ferit calcem calamo fugacem,

Nec dolor crudum comitatur ictum,

Auxit ad tempus breve ſævientis

Tædia peſtis.

Serpiſ en carnis graviore ſtrage,

En ſinu laxo ſanie vorago

Stagnat, & peſtis populatur artus

Nefcia ſiſti.

WILLIE.

Thomalin, I pittie thy Plight,

Perdy with Love thou diddest fight:

I know him by a Token.

For once I heard my Father say,

How he him caught upon a Day,

(Whereof he will be wroken)

Entangled in a Fowling Net,

Which he for Carrion Crows had fet,

That in our Pear-tree haunted:

Tho said, he was a winged Lad,

But Bow and Shafts as then none had,

Else had he fore be-daunted.

But see, the Welkin thicks apace,

And stouping *Phæbus* steeps his Face:

It's time to haste us homeward.

LAMP. Defleo multùm tua fata, pastôr;
 Inscius telo petiisti Amorem,
 En mihi fignum, modò prodidisti,
 Indubitatum.

Hoc mihi patrem memini locutum;
 Quomodo imprudens capiebat illum,
 (Hei vices patri misero reponet)

Aliger olim.
 Retium nexu temerè involutum,
 Illa suspendit pater implicandis
 Improbis corvis; solitis federe

Arbore nostrâ.
 Aliter dixit puerum fuisse.
 Nullus huic arcus, calamive præstò;
 Si forent, qualis tremor occupâisset

Membra parentis?
 Sed (viden?) nimbis glomeratur æther,
 Solque declivis pelago appropinquat,
 Jam monet tempus pecudes redactas

Condere caulis.

A P R I L.

The Fourth ÆGLOGUE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Design of this Æglogue is to introduce a Panegyrick, in the Pastoral Kind, on Queen Elizabeth. It begins with a Complaint of Hobbinol (a Shepherd mention'd in the First Æglogue) for Colin's Neglect of his Friendship, for the Sake of Rosalind, with whom he was fallen in Love; and from the mentioning Colin's Skill in Poetry, Hobbinol takes Occasion to recite one of his Songs, or Poems, on Elizabetha Queen of Shepherds.

THENOT.

TELL me, good *Hobbinol*, what gars thee greet?

What? hath some Wolf thy tender Lambs ytern?

Or is thy Bagpipe broke that sounds so sweet?

Or art thou of thy loved Lads forlorn?

Or been thine Eyes attempt'd to the Year,

Quenching the gasping Furrows Thirst with Rain?

Like *April* Shower, so streames the trickling Tears

Adown thy Cheeke, to quench thy thirsty Pain.

HOBBINOL.

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourn,

But

April..



P. Pourdrier sculp.

(52)

Irish



Irish

A P R I L I S.

Æ G L O G A Quarta.

ARGUMENTUM.

In hoc Carmine Poeta canit encomium Pastorale Reginae Elizabethæ. Mopsus (Pastor in primâ Æglogâ memoratus) in initio queritur Alexin nihili habere amicitiam ejus præ amore Phillidis. Et quia Alexis rem Poëticam probè calluit, Mopsus indè ansam capit recitandi Carmen ab eo compositum, in quo Elisa, Pastorum Regina, honorificè celebratur.

THYRSIS.

DIC, mihi Mopse, precor, lachrymas quæ causa dolenti
Elicuit? lupus anne tuum populatus ovile est?

Scisane mellifluos defecit fistula cantus?

An dilecta tuos fastidit amica furores?

Imbriferos quæ cura oculos attemperat anno,

Qui pluvîâ fissos terræ committis hiatus?

Quàm similis guttis distillat lachryma vernis

Per rigua ora, graves ut sedet pectoris æstus?

MOPSUS.

Non hoc, non illud tanti mihi causa doloris;

But for the Lad, whom long I loved so dear,
 Now loves a Lafs, that all his Love doth scorn;
 He plung'd in Pain, his treffed Locks doth tear,
 Shepherds Delights he doth them all forswear;
 His pleafant Pipe, which makes us Merriment,
 He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted Songs, wherein he all out-went.

THENOT.

What is he for a Lad, you fo lament?
 Is Love fuch pinching Pain, to them that prove?
 And hath he Skill to make fo excellent,
 Yet hath fo little Skill to bridle Love?

HOBBINOL.

Colin, thou kenst the Southern Shepheard's Boy,
 Him Love hath wounded with a deadly Dart.
 Whilom on him was all my Care and Joy,
 Forcing with Gifts to winne his wanton Hart.

But now from me his madding Mind is start,
 And wooes the Widow's Daughter of the Glenne:
 So now fair *Rosalind* hath bred his Smart;
 So now his Friend is changed for a Fren.

THENOT.

Sed quoniam juvenis, quem tanto amplector amore,
Despectus tumidæ macrescit amore puellæ,
Immersusque malis lacerat rabido ungue capillos.

Rustica Pastorum proscribit gaudia, curis
Indulgens; suavem (nostrum solamen) avenam
Fregit, & à solitis nunc abstinet ora Camœnis,
Quarum laude alios sub se premit altior omnes.

THYRSIS.

Quis, quæso, fuerit tibi sic defletus ephebus?
Tantis alma Venus flammis incendit amantes?
Tantumne hic Musis & amicâ Pallade pollet,
Nec potis insanos Veneris cohibere furores?

MOPSUS.

Australis nostin' puerum pastoris Alexin?
Hunc transfixit Amor funesto cuspidis ictu.
Dudum in eo curas defixi & gaudia solo,
Oppugnans variis juvenilia pectora donis;
At nunc à nobis furiato corde recessit,
Et viduæ natam vicinæ uxoriûs ambit:
Sic, sic angorem procudit Phyllis Alexi,
Sic pro non notâ mutatur amicus amicâ.

THENOT.

But if his Ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee, *Hobbinol*, record some one,
The whiles our Flocks go graze about in Sight,
And we close shrowded in this Shade alone.

HOBBINOL.

Contented I : then will I sing his Lay,
Of fair *Elisa*, Queen of Shepherds all ;
Which once he made, as by a Spring he lay,
And tuned it unto the Water's Fall.

YE dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed Brook,
Do bathe your Brest,

Forfake your watry Bowres, and hither look,

At my Request.

And eke you Virgins that on *Parnass* dwell,

Whence floweth *Helicon*, the learned Well :

Help me to blaze

Her worthy Praise,

Which in her Sex doth all excell.

Of fair *Elisa* be your silver Song,

That blessed Wight :

The

THYRSIS.

Quòd si tanta Venus juvenili in carmine ridet,
 Unam nè pigeat mihi te recitâsse Poëfin,
 Dum sub conspectu pecus utraque vellicat herbas,
 Nôsque hâc abstrusi umbrosam recubamus ad ulmum.

MOPSUS.

Convenit: Ergo ejus de magnâ carmen Elisâ
 Cantando recolam, (pastorum ea maxima præses.)
 Quod panxit propter labentis murmura rivi,
 Et stringens modulos ad lapsum attemperat undæ:

Nymphæ, lacteolæ Nymphæ, quæ flumine puro
 Pectora lucidiora lavatis;

Paulisper vitreis, vos oro, emergite tectis,

Meque rogante, reflectite visus.

Túque innupta cohors Parnassia templa frequentans,

Defluit unde Helicon, sanctis pia cura poetis,

Laudes doceto ebuccinare

Sydereæ celebres Elisæ,

Fœminei sexûs quæ longè antè eminet omnes.

Candida in æternum vobis fit carmen Elisâ,

Illa per omnia virgo beata,

Virginæ

The Flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long

In princely Plight.

For she is *Syrinx* Daughter without Spot,

Which *Pan* the Shepherd's God of her begot:

So sprung her Grace

Of heavenly Race,

No mortal Blemish may her blot.

See where she sits upon the grassie Green,

(O seemly Sight)

Yclad in Scarlet, like a Mayden Queen,

And Ermines white.

Upon her Head a Crimofin Coronet,

With Damask Roses, and Daffadillies set:

Bay-Leaves between,

And Primroses green,

Imbellish the white Violet.

Tell me, have you seen her Angel-like Face,

Like *Phæbe* fair?

Her heavenly Haviour, her princely Grace,

Can you well compare?

The Red-Rose medled with the white yfere,

In either Cheeke depeincten lively Cheere:

Her

Virginei flos illa chori fine fine virescat,

Sceptrigeroque decore coruschet.

Immaculata etenim Syringis filia fertur,

Quam Pani enixa est Thamesini ad littoris undam.

Indè orta Majestas reluxit,

Ætherea indè propago fulsit,

Cujus nè minimâ fordescit gloria labe.

En! viden'? ô oculis spectacula grata tuentis!

Ut viridantibus affidet herbis.

Ut viridi vernat velamine regia virgo,

Pallia tincta virore refulgent.

Multicolor lambit regalia tempora fertum,

Purpureo asphodelis inter lucente roseto.

Has Daphnis interserpit herbas,

Primula veris eam secuta,

Lucida luteolo pinxit violaria tinctu.

Dicite, divinos vultûs vidistis honores,

Cynthia ut orbe micante renidet!

Regales habitus Majestatemque venustam

Anne quod æquet in orbe repertum?

Alternæque rosis interflua candida rubris

Vivo animans utraq;ue genas inspirat honore.

En

Her modest Eye,

Her Majesty,

Where have you seen the like but there?

I saw *Phæbus* thrust out his golden Head,

Upon her to gaze:

But when he saw, how broad her Beams did spread,

It did him amaze.

He bluſht to ſee another Sun below,

Ne durſt again his fiery Face out-ſhow;

Let him, if he dare,

His Brightneſs compare

With hers, to have the Overthrow.

Shew thy ſelf, *Cynthia*, with thy ſilver Rayes,

And be not abaſht:

When ſhe the Beams of her Beauty diſplayes,

O how art thou daſht?

But I will not match her with *Latona's* Seed,

Such Folly, great Sorrow to *Niobe* did breed.

Now ſhe is a Stone,

And makes daily Mone,

Warning all other to take Heed.

Pan may be proud that ever he begot,

Such

En quale signum celsitatis!

Ore oculoque micat pudico.

Obvia ubi vestris spectacula talia ocellis?

Auricomo (vidi) Phœbus caput extulit orbe,

Ut faciem tueatur ELISÆ;

Sed postquam vidit radiantia virginis ora,

Attonitus, stupidusque recessit,

Erubuitque alium subter se surgere solem,

Igniferumque iterum caput exeruisse timebat.

Lumen suum componat ergò

Auricomæ radiis Elisæ,

Scilicet ut victus caput atrâ in nube recondat.

Eja, age, pande modò radios, argentea Phœbe,

Si potes absque rubore, micantes.

Quòd si tum formæ radios fortè explicet illa,

Ut subito inficis ora rubore!

Sed Latonigenæ non fas contendere proli

Istam, sic Niobe numerosâ morte cadebat;

Nunc saxea squallescit arvis,

Affiduo liquefacta fletu;

Exemploque alios istis à litibus arcet.

Fœlix, ô nimium fœlix Pan jure triumphet,

Quòd

Such a Bellibone:
And *Syrinx* rejoyce, that ever was her Lot

To bear such an one.

Soon as my Younglins cryen for the Dam,
To her will I offer a Milk-white Lamb:

She is my Goddeffs plain,

And I her Shepheard's Swain,

Albe forfwonke and forfwat I am.

I see *Calliope* speed her to the Place,

Where my Goddeffs shines:

And after her the other Muses trace

With their Violines.

Been they not Bay-branches, which they do bear,

All for *Elisa* in her Hand to wear?

So sweetly they play:

And sing all the Way,

That it a Heaven is to hear.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot,

To the Instrumēt:

They dauncen deffly, and singen foot,

In their Meriment.

Wants not a fourth Grace to make the Dance even?

Let

Quòd celebris pater audit Elisæ.

Fortunata etiam, ter & ampliùs, aurea Syrinx,

Quòd cluet aucta propagine tanta.

Et simulac nostri depulsi à matribus agni

Balabunt, statuam huic villo candente bidentem.

Numen mihi semper colendum:

Huic ego mancipium perenne,

Callofus licèt, & torrenti decolor æstu.

En! ut Calliope festinat præpete cursu,

Quà radians Dea nostra coruscat,

Agmine Pieridum circumstipata fororum,

Quæque vibrantia nabilia gestat!

Nonne triumphales victricia germina laurus,

Debita Elisææ portant gestamina dextræ?

Sic murmurant dulci susurro

Fila trementia, itérque mulcent,

Ut videar foelix mediis discumbere in astris.

Quam dextrè nifus accommodat alite talo

Ad modulamina Gratia triplex!

Aspice, quantâ agiles ineunt levitate choreas,

Ut modulatibus æthera mulcent.

An non una Charis deest, partibus angulus æquis

Ut

Let that rowm to my Lady be yeven.

She shall be a Grace,

To fill the fourth Place,

And reign with the rest in Heaven.

And whether rennes this Bevie of Ladies bright,

Raunged in a Row?

They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,

That unto her go.

Chloris, that is the chiefeft Nymph of all,

Of Olive Branches bears a Coronall:

Olives been for Peace,

When Warres do surcease:

Such for a Princess beene principall.

Ye Shepheards Daughters that dwell on the Green,

Hie you there apace:

Let none come there but that Virgins been,

To adorn her Grace.

And when you come whereas she is in Place,

See, that your Rudeness do not you disgrace:

Bind your Fillets fast,

And gird in your Waste,

For more Fineness with a tawdrie Lace.

Bring

Ut coeat? Diæ sedes hæc cedat Elifæ;

Fiat Charis, nam sic meretur,

Quartaque Gratia claudat orbem,

Atque olim rutilum, sed ferò, ascendat Olympum.

Nympharum quónam ista cohors ruit incita tantæ

Ordine continuata catervæ?

Agnosco natas Thamesino in litore Nymphas:

Ad mea numina tendit Elifam.

Quæque omnes formâ supereminet aurea Chloris,

Palladiâ textam præfert de fronde coronam:

Pacem decent frondes olivæ;

Cum ferus exulat orbe Mavors,

Unica reginæ debetur Palladis arbor.

Vicini, ô proles pastoria, ruris alumnae,

Eja agite appropriate frequentes.

Sed nulla accedat, nisi castæ operata Dianæ,

Quæ nitidam comitetur Elifam,

Et coràm innuptam cùm convenietis Elifam,

Rusticitas vobis nè quâ sit vestra pudori,

Certâ comas nodate vittâ,

Fasciolâ cohibete pectus

Purpureâ, Tyrium quod murice tinxit ahenum.

Brink hither the Pinke, and purple Collumbine,

With Gilliflowers:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in Wine,

Worne of Paramours.

Strow me the Ground with Daffadowndillies,

And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies :

The pretty Pawnce,

And the Chevifaunce,

Shall match with the fair Flowre Delice.

Now rise up, *Eliza*, decked as thou art,

In royal Ray ;

And now ye dainty Damsels may depart

Each on her way.

I fear, I have troubled your Troupes too long :

Let Dame *Eliza* thank you for her Song.

And if you come heather,

When Damsels I gathear,

I will part them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilk fame Song of *Colin's* own making?

Ah foolish Boy, that is with Love yblent:

Great Pitty is, he be in such taking,

Huc agite, huc plenis vaccinia ferte quasillis,

Huc casiae cumuletis odores.

Ferte rosas festinae, anemones germina ferte,

Germina Cypridi grata dolosae.

Pulverulenta viae flaventia lilia sternant,

Asphodelusque solum verbasco mixtus obumbret;

Huic bellis adnascatur, illi

Caltha metallum imitata fulvum;

Ultima nubigenas Iris mentita colores.

Surge, Virago potens nativis fulgida gemmis,

Sceptringero radiata decore.

Quinetiam comptae (monet hora) redite puellae,

Semita qua sua quamque reducet.

Ah vereor ne vos nimium lassavero, at ipsa

Imputet hoc vobis, quodcunque est, carmen ELISA.

Et si obvias vos fecerit fors,

Cum mihi pruna reponet arbor,

Arboreos foetus inter vos partiar omnes.

THYRSIS.

Hocce suaviloquus carmen pangebatur Alexis?

Ah excors juvenis nimio excacatus amore!

Ut piget huc cecidisse illum, nam scilicet omnes

For naught caren, that been so lewdly bent.

HOBBINOL.

Siker I hold him for a greater Fon,

That loves the Thing he cannot purchase.

But let us homeward : for Night draweth on,

And twinckling Stars the Daylight hence chafe.

M A Y.

The Fifth ÆGLOGUE.

The ARGUMENT.

Palinode (inviting Piers to join with the Youths and Shepherds in Mirth and Pleasures of the Season, and in celebrating the Festival of May) is reproved by him, and is told that a Life of Vanity and Luxury, while their Flocks are neglected, does not become good Shepherds. Piers describes the Pastoral Life at first, simple and frugal, without Wealth, yet free from Want and Vice, but corrupted afterwards by Licentiousness, and the Ambition of Power and Command, which expos'd both the Shepherds, and their Flocks, to be destroy'd by the Wolves. And to shew how dangerous it is to have Communication with bad Company, he relates a Fable of the Kid, and her Dam.

Nil pensi ducunt, qui castra sequuntur amoris.

MOPSUS.

Atque hoc delirare magis mihi visus Alexis,
Non responsuros quòd fervidus ambit amores.
Sed retrò relegamus iter, nox appetit atra,
Occiduamque fugant vibrantia fydera lucem.

M A I U S.

Æ G L O G A Quinta.

ARGUMENTUM.

Dorylas, (qui hortatur Lycidan, ut se immisceret Juvenum, Pastorumque Societati, quò melius sese voluptatibus huic Mensi accommodis indulgerent, & ut Festum Maii concelebrent) reprehenditur ab illo; qui monet eum, non oportere bonos Pastores vitam leviter & lautè agere, dum greges passim errarent. Lycidas vitam describit Pastoralem, ut olim, simplicem, & frugi, non opibus ditatam, ab omni tamen scelerè, & inopiâ alienam; postea verò nimiam dominandi libidine, & effrænata licentiâ deteriore, adeò ut Pastores pariter ac Greges prædæ essent Lupis. Et ut palàm faceret, quàm periculosum sit, cum malis unà frequenter adesse, Fabulam narrat de Hædo, & matre ejus.

This Æglogue is purely Allegorical, and seems to be design'd as a moral Lesson on the Lives of Christians, and particularly of the Clergy, and on the Difference between those of the Reform'd, and those of the Romish Persuasion; as appears farther by a Passage in the Seventh Æglogue, in which Palinode is again mention'd as giving an Account of the lordly Lives of the Shepherds at Rome.

PALINODE. PIERS.

IS not this the merry Month of *May*,
 When Love-lads masken in fresh Array?
 How falls it then, we no merrier been,
 Ylike as others, girt in gaudie Green?
 Our Blonket Liveries been all too fad
 For thilke same Season, when all is yclad
 With Pleasance, the Ground with Grafs, the Woods
 With green Leaves, the Bushes with blossoming Buds,
 Youthes Folke now flocken in every where,
 To gather *May* Buskets, and smelling Breere:
 And home they hasten the Posts to dight,
 And all the Kirk Pillers ere Day-light,
 With Hawthorne-Buds, and sweet Eglantine,
 And Girlonds of Roses, and Sops in Wine.

Such

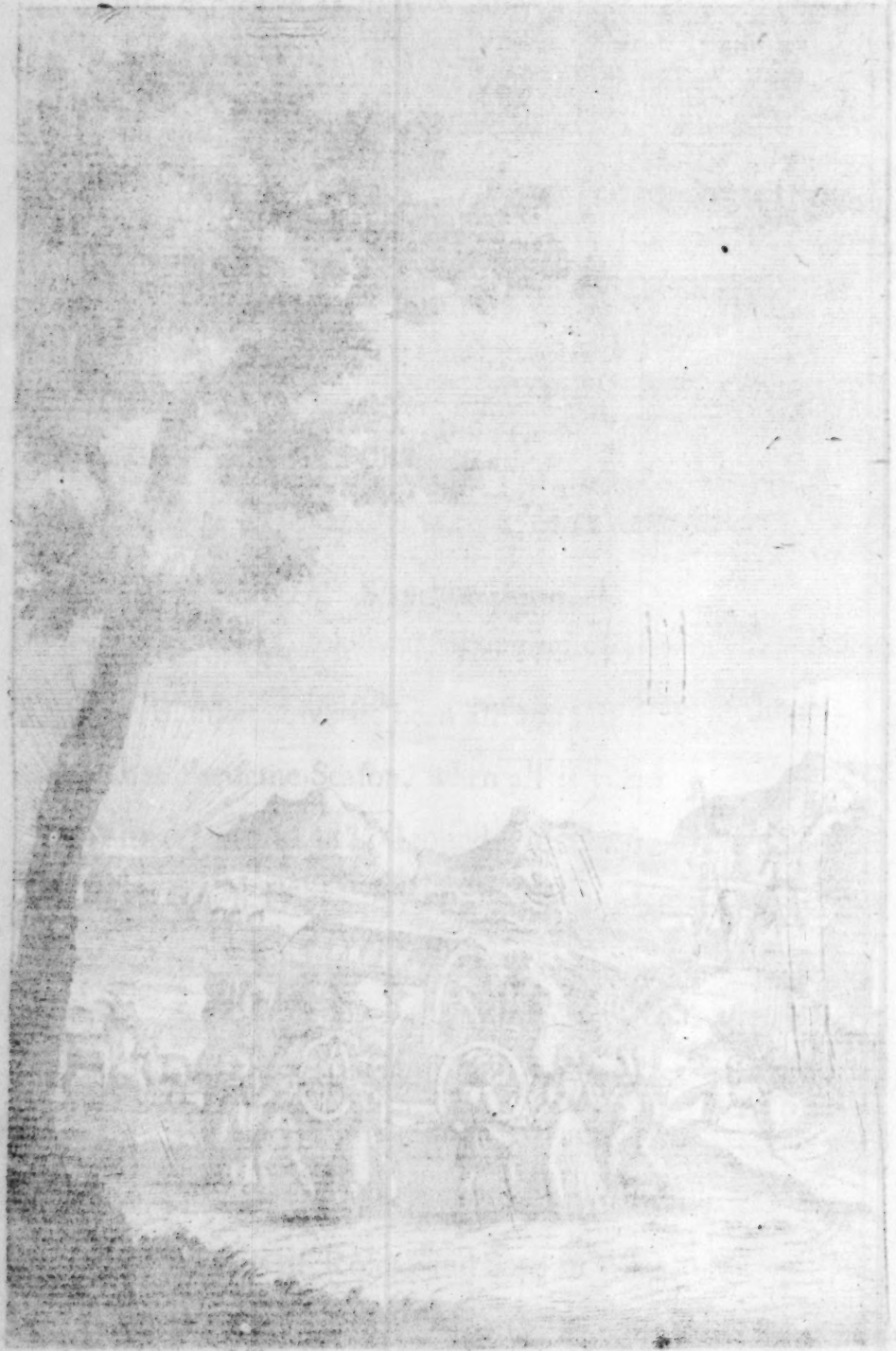
May.



J. Fourdrinier sculp.

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THE END OF THE WORLD

Hoc Carmen, quod in totum scribitur Allegoricâ loquendi formâ, puram, & sanctam vitam decere Christianos imprimis docet, illos præcipuè Pastores, qui rebus sacris versantur. Docet etiam, illorum vitam, qui Reformatam, & qui Romanam fidem profitentur, quàm maximè dissentire. Hoc etiam ulterius patet in Æglogâ Septimâ; ubi Thyrsis acriter conscindit splendidum & fastuosum vivendi morem apud Pastores Romanos.

DORILAS.

DIC mihi, dic fodes, hicne anni gloria Maius,
 Quando Dionæus renovata insignia tyro
 Induit, & viridi vultus gestamine inumbrat?
 Cur non nos lætâ laxamus gaudia fronte,
 Ut reliqui, vernâ præcincti tempora fronde?
 Et canum nobis pubenti ut discolor anno
 Gausape? quando omnis profitetur gaudia vultus,
 Cùm frondes sylvas, & terram gramen opacat,
 Et tenero hirsuti pubescunt germine vepres.
 Nunc passim ad sylvas glomeratur conflua pubes,
 Ut verni primos ruris prædetur honores,
 Mox regressa novo postes umbramine vestit,
 Anteque lucanis hilarat nova templa corollis,
 Congrege quas spinâ violaria lucida texunt,

Such Merry-make holy Saints doth queme :

But we here fitten as drown'd in a Dreame.

PIERS.

For Yonkers *Palinode* such Follies fit ;

But we tway been Men of elder Wit.

PALINODE.

Siker, this Morrow, no longer ago,

I saw a Shole of Shepheards out-go,

With Singing and Shooting, and jolly Cheere :

Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,

That to the meynie a Horne-pipe plaid,

Whereto they dauncen each one with his Maid.

To see these Folks make such Jovifaunce,

Made my Heart after the Pipe to daunce.

Tho to the Green-wood they speeden them all

To fetchen home May with their Muscall :

And home they bringen in a royal Throne,

Crowned as King: and his Queen attone

Was Lady *Flora*, on whom did attend

A faire Flock of Faeries, and a fresh Bend

Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,

To

Alternéque rosis interfita candida bellis,
 Talia Sylvano frontem Satyrisque ferenant,
 Nos consopiti stupido torpore sedemus.

LYCIDAS.

Hæc (Doryla) teneris infantia convenit annis ;
 Altiùs at faperet nostra hæc maturior ætas.

DORYLAS.

Hac equidem aurorâ (nuper transacta renarro)
 Egessos vidi denso agmine ruris alumnos,
 Solenni streperos plausu, festisque choreis ;
 Cornicen his etiam buccosus præviùs ibat,
 Qui tremulum raucis diverberat aëra bombis:
 Dum (latus unicuique suâ stipante puellâ)
 Hi personato gaudent pede plaudere terram.
 Hanc dum lætitiâ stupui, fremitusque secundos,
 Æmula subsultant parili præcordia gestu.
 Indè petunt virides glomerato examine sylvas,
 Ut primùm verni carpant libamina Maii.
 Tum Faunum folio fultum, cinctumque corollis
 Arboreum gestant; huic conjux affidet unâ
 Flora novo peplo solito conspectior; illam
 Stipant densato famulantes agmine Nymphæ.

To helpen the Ladies their May-Bush bear !)
 Ah *Piers*, been thy Teeth on Edge, to think,
 How great Sport they gaynen with little Swinke ?

PIERS,

Perdy, so farre am I from Envie,
 That their Fondness inly I pittie :
 Those Faytours little regarden their Charge,
 While they, letting their Sheep runne at large,
 Passen their Time, that should be sparely spent,
 In Lustiness and wanton Merriment.
 Thilke same been Shepheards for the Divel's fted,
 That playen while their Flocks be unfed.
 Well it is seen their Sheep is not their owne,
 That leten them run at Random alone.
 But they been hired for little Pay,
 Of other, that caren as little as they,
 What fallen the Flock, so they han the Fleece,
 And get all the Gain, paying but a Peece.
 I muse what Account both these will make,
 The one for the Hire, which he doth take ;
 And th'other for leaving his Lord's Taske ;

When

(O hujus partem esse chori, si fata dedissent,
 Cum Nymphis Floram ut sociâ cervice subirem !)
 O Lycida, potis es non intabescere, tantas
 Delicias recolens nullo conamine partas?

LYCIDAS.

His ut ego invideam? Doryla, quin semper eorum
 Et miror miserorque imo deliria corde,
 Infrœnes quòd nullâ obeant sua munia curâ,
 Sed pecudes passî passim finè lege vagari,
 Decurrunt vitam parcè cautèque terendam
 Ebria turba jocis, lascivo difflua risu.

Tartareum genus hoc pastorum emerfit ab orco,
 Qui ludunt dum grex agros jejunos oberrat.
 Apparet liquidò gregis hos tantùm esse magistros,
 Non dominos, quòd non prohibent errare vagantes:
 Nempe hos conduxit levior mercedula, qualem
 Indulgent alii, pretium quos majus opimat;
 Commissæ pecudis sed par incuria damnat,
 Dum raso ad vivum se involvunt vellere pigri,
 Et totum nacti dant de centussè deuncem.
 Sed quamnam poterunt rationem reddere, miror,
 Quando pastorum Pan maximus arbiter, olim

Æquo

When great *Pan* account of Shepheards shall aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I see thou speakest of Spight,
 All for thou lackest fomedele their Delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be envied,
 All were it of my Foe, then fonly pittied:
 And yet, if need were, pittied would be,
 Rather than other should scorn at me:
 For pittied is Mishap, that nas remedie,
 But scorned been Deeds of fond Foolerie.
 What shoulde[n] Sheapheards other Things tend,
 Then sith their God his Good does them send
 Reapen the Fruit thereof, that is Pleasure?
 The while they here liven, at Ease and Leafure.
 For when they be dead, their Good is ygo,
 They sleepe[n] in Rest, well as other moe:
 Tho with them wends, what they spent in Cost,
 But what they left behind them, is lost.
 Good is no Good, but if it be spend:
 God giveth Good for none other End.

PIERS.

Æquo subducet rationes cuique lapillo :
 Alter mercedis quòd tantum acceperit, alter
 Posthabuit proprio domini quòd seria ludo.

DORYLAS.

Hæc equidem credo motum livore locutum,
 Nempe tibi deest horum aliquâ de parte voluptas ;
 Ast ego quæ fors cunque ferat, livoris iniqui
 Malo peti morfu, quàm sic miserabilis esse :
 Malo tamen clades, malo miserandus haberi,
 Quàm me riderent toto vicinia pago.
 Nempe solent miserari ægrè reparabile damnum,
 Nos risu dignos facit imprudentia : verùm
 Quid majus saperet pastorum rustica pubes,
 Cùm facilis largâ Pan auxerit omnia dextrâ,
 Munere quàm divûm concessos carpere fructus,
 Securè placidum permenfi molliter ævum ?
 Nam vitâ cassis evanuit alma voluptas
 Cum flatu summo, at multis cum millibus indè
 Illi indormiscunt placidæ sine fine quieti,
 Quod decoxerunt vivi comitatur euntes,
 Æternùm periit quicquid post fata relinquunt.
 Non bona sunt, ubi fructus abest, ubi tollitur usus :

Non

PIERS.

Ah *Palinode*, thou art a World's Child:
 Who touches Pitch mought needs be defil'd.
 But Shepheards (as *Algrind* used to say)
 Mought not live ylike, as Men of the Lay.
 With them it fits to care for their heyre,
 Enaunter their Heritage do empayre:
 They must provide for means of Maintenance,
 And to continue their wont Countenance.
 But Shepheard must walk another way,
 Sike worldly Sovenance he must foresay.
 The Sonne of his Loynes why should he regard,
 To leave enriched with that he hath spar'd?
 Should not thilke God, that gave him that Good,
 Eke cherish his Child, if in his Wayes he stood?
 For if he mislive, in Lewdness and Lust,
 Little Bootes all the Wealth and the Trust,
 That his Father left by Inheritance,
 All will be soone wasted with Misgovernance,
 But through this, and other their Miscrance,
 They maken many a wrong Chevissance,

Heaping

Non alium Deus ob finem bona commodat ulli.

LYCIDAS.

Euge voluptatis, Doryla, enervate fatelles !
 Attigerit quicumque picem hac temeratus abibit :
 Verùm pastores (cecinit sic Tityrus olim)
 Non decet ad mores nummosæ vivere plebis ;
 Scilicet hanc, par est, hæredis cura fatiget ;
 Nè posthac vacuâ decrescat filius arcâ.
 Utque etiam parili decurrat vita tenore
 Consuluisse decet, nè, deficiente, crumenâ
 Parta apud instabilem vilescat gratia plebem.
 Ast alio vitam decurrat limite pastor,
 Hunc sibi terrenas decet interdicare curas.
 Quorsum indulgeret proprio de corpore natis,
 Divitiis, ut eos, quis parferat ipse, bearet ?
 Annon ille Deus, qui tanta indulserat illi,
 Et natis etiam simili sua dona tenore
 Transfundet, si trita prement vestigia patris ?
 Quòd si transversum rapit ambitus atque libido,
 Frustrà divitiæ, patris fiducia frustrà
 Sustentant, mox cuncta nepos hæc decoquet hæres.
 Sæpè in munificos hæc diffidentia Divos

Fecit

Heaping up Waves of Wealth and Woe,
 The Flouds thereof shall them overflow.
 Sike Mens Folly I cannot compare
 Better, then to the Ape's foolish Care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet God wote, such Cause hath she none)
 That with her hard Hold, and straight Embracing,
 She stoppeth the Mouth of her Youngling.
 So oftentimes, when as Good is ment,
 Evil ensueth as of wrong Intent.

The Time was once, and may again retorn;
 (For oft may happen that hath been beforene)
 When Shepheards had none Inheritance,
 Ne of Land, nor Fee in Sufferance:
 But what might arise of the bare Sheep,
 (Were it more or less) which they did keep.
 Well I wis was it with Shepheards tho:
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgo.
 For *Pan* himself was their Inheritance,
 And little them served for their Maintenance.
 The Shepheards God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided:

Fecit, ut accersant votis sibi damna nocivis ;
 Divitiarum undas miserè sinè fine cientes
 Sese absorpturas : horum deliria tanta
 Nil meliùs referet, quàm impensè, sedula mater
 Simia, inexpletum quæ sic indulget amori
 In natos (nec causa apparet amoris) ut illos
 Implicitis arctè dum stringit colla lacertis,
 Suffocent avidis maternæ amplexibus ulnæ.
 Sic quandoque bonum cùm mens concepit amica,
 Errans dextra malum infausto producit abortu.

Tempus erat quondam, quod & olim fortè redibit,
 (Nam poterit rursus, quicquid fuit antè, reverti)
 Cùm nusquam patrii reditus, nec census avitus
 Pastori cessit, nec junctis prædia campis :
 Quicquid at humanos ipso ex grege surgit in usus
 (Plurive minúsvē) fuit pastoris summa peculî.
 Felices illo pastores jugiter ævo,
 Perdere nil unquam, quòd nil habuere, timebant.
 Nempe illis Pan ipse in sortem cessit, & indè
 Contenti parvo peragebant sæcla paratu.
 Namque hos munifici Panos sic cura fovebat,
 Ut nil deficeret, semper nova massa butyri

Butter enough, Honey, Milk and Whay,
 And their Flock fleeces them to array.
 But Tract of Time, and long Prosperity,
 (That Nource of Vice, this of Insolency)
 Lulled the Shepheards in such Security,
 That not content with loyal Obeysance,
 Some gan to gape for, greedy Governance,
 And match themselves with mighty Potentates,
 Lovers of *Lordships*, and Troublers of States.
 Tho gan Shepheards Swains to look aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft.
 Tho under Colour of Shepheards, some-while,
 There crept in Wolves, full of Fraude and Guile,
 That often devoured their own Sheep,
 And often the Shepheard that did hem keep.
 This was the first Source of Shepheard's Sorrow,
 That now nill be quit with bale, nor borrow.

PALINODE.

Three Things to bear been very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outrageous.
 Women that of Loves Longing once lust,

Hardly

Suppeteret, nec mel deesset, nec copia lactis;
 Sufficerentque gregum ad texendas vellera vestes.
 Temporis at tractus, diuturnaque copia rerum,
 Hic vitii fator, illa gravis nutricula fastûs,
 Pastorum turbam utramvis sopivit in aurem;
 Indè oblita fui, parere oblita priori,
 Infidos miseranda ambire incepit honores.
 Hinc se in amicitiam magnatum immergere sueta,
 Turbatrixque status, aucepsque evasit honorum;
 Tum peronatus sustollere cornua pastor,
 Frugalem vitam penitus dediscere, plumâ,
 Assuetum quondam dîo, latus abdere cœpit;
 Indè lupo falsâ pastoris imagine tectus
 Irrepsit, foetûsque dolis, fraudûmque peritus;
 Qui non tondet oves, verûm deglubit, & unâ
 Deglutit rabidè miseras, laniâtque magistros.
 Tantorum fons hinc ebulliit ille malorum
 Pastorum turbæ, nullâ sistendus ab arte.

DORYLAS.

Hæc tria sustinuisse æquâ cervice molestum;
 At quartum (mihi crede) ipsâ est onerosius Ætnâ:
 Fœmina inexplèto pruritu accensa juventæ,

Hardly forbearen, but have it they must.
 So when Choler is inflamed with Rage,
 Wanting Revenge, is hard to assuage.
 And who can counsel a thirsty Soule
 With Patience to forbear the offered Boule?
 But of all Burdens, that a Man can bear,
 Most is, a Fool's Talk to bear and to hear.
 I weene the Giant has not such a Weight,
 That bears on his Shoulders the Heavens Height.
 Thou findeft Fault, where nys to be found,
 And buildest strong Warke upon a weak Ground.
 Thou rayledest on Right without Reason,
 And blamest hem much for small Encheafon.
 How woulden Shepheards live, if not so?
 What! should they pynen in Pain and Woe?
 Nay, say I thereto, by my dear Borrow,
 If I may rest, I nill live in Sorrow.

Sorrow ne need to be hasten'd on;
 For he will come without calling anon.
 While Times enduren of Tranquilitie,
 Usen we freely our Felicitie.

For

Non æstus sedat, si non potiatur amato.
 Sic quoties subitò bilis scintillat ab irâ
 Fervescens, ægrè, desit vindicta, residet:
 Quis suadebit ei, quem jam fitis aspera torret,
 Ut sibi ab oblati patienter temperet undis?
 Sed nil tam miserum quàm stulti audire loquelam,
 Intempestivâ glomerantis plurima linguâ.
 Vix oneris tantum reor incubuisse Giganti,
 Stelliferum rigidus qui succollabat Olympum.
 Quid maculam tentas niveis affundere? quorsum
 Extruis è fragili tantam fundamine molem?
 Jus æquum, nullâ motus ratione, laceassis,
 Reprendisque, ubi nec crimen, nec criminis umbra.
 Dic age, quam velles (quoniam tibi displicet ista)
 Pastorum vitam? vis hos tabescere curis?
 Non ità per nobis communia numina Pana:
 Nunquam me curæ, seriesve immensa laborum
 Torquebunt, proprii mea dum sunt otia juris.
 Non opus est absentem accersivisse dolorem,
 Excubat ante fores, non invitatus adibit.
 Quin igitur læti, dum pax beat aurea terras,
 Deliciis fruimur, quas indulgentia cœli

For when approchen the stormy Stowres,
 We mought with our Shoulders bear off the sharpe Showres.
 And sooth to faine, nought seemeth like Strife,
 That Shepheards so twiten each other's Life,
 And layen their Faults the World beforne,
 The while their Foes done each of hem scorne.
 Let none mislike of that may not be amended:
 So Contecke, soon by Concord, mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepherd, I list no Accordance make
 With Shepherd, that does the right Way forsake.
 And of the twaine, if Choyse were to me,
 Had lever my Foe, then my Friend he be.
 For what Concord han Light and Darke sam?
 Or what Peace has the Lyon with the Lamb?
 Such Faitors, when their false Hearts been hid,
 Will do as did the Foxe by the Kid.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of Fellowship, tell us that Saying:
 For the Lad can keep both our Flocks from straying.

Affudit nobis, fuerint sed nubila postquam
 Tempora, sunt diris capita objectanda periclis.
 Crede mihi, laudi multùm lis derogat ista
 Pastorum, alterius vitam quod quisque reprendit;
 Inque vicem sua dum denudant crimina vulgo,
 Alterna adversæ fiunt ludibria parti.
 Nemo igitur posthac quicquam immedicabile carpat,
 Sic cito pestiferam dirimet concordia litem.

LYCIDAS.

Non ego pastori jungam commercia cuiquam,
 A recto flexos qui torquet ad avia gressus:
 Et si quando mihi talis datur optio, malim
 Infestum fieri, certo quàm fœdere junctum.
 Quænam cum tenebris esset concordia lucis?
 Quæ pax immiti est agnum junctura leoni?
 Hi vafri, ficto mentiti pectora vultu,
 Omnibus imponent, ut vulpes luserat hœdum.

DORYLAS.

Euge age, mi Lycida, rogo per communia nostri
 Jura sodalitii, dictum hoc detexe sodali:
 En utrique gregi sataget puer iste tuendo.

PIERS.

THilke fame Kidde (as I can well devise)
Was too verie foolish and unwise.

For on a time in Sommer Season,
The Goat her Dame, that had good Reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the green Wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good :
But, for she had a motherly Care
Of her young Son, and Wit to beware,
She set her Youngling before her Knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of Favour, as Kid mought be.
His Velvet Head began to shoot out,
And his wreathed Horns gan newly sprout :
The Blossoms of Lust to bud did begin,
And sprung forth rankly under his Chin.

My Son, quoth she (and with that 'gan weep,
For carefull Thoughts in her Heart did creep)
God blefs thee poor Orphan, as he mought me,
And send thee Joy of thy Jollitie.
Thy Father (that Word she spake with Pain,
For a Sigh had nigh rent her Heart in twain)

Thy

LYCIDAS.

ILLE equidem (memini satis, & memorare juvabit)

Imprudens nimiùm fuit, atque improvidus hœdus.

Nam casu quodam, (tum fervida canduit æstas)

Capra hujus mater, paulò sapientior hœdo,

Exivit septis, sylvasque petivit opacas,

Seu falices libuit tondere, aut ludere in umbra :

Et quòd maternas fovit sub pectore curas

De nato, ingeniumque sagax cavisse tenello,

Pro genibus posuit petulantis pectora nati,

Qui multùm vegetus, teneris & amabilis annis,

Inter lascivos nullus præstantior hœdos :

Lanugo capitis molli juvenescere pelle

Cœperat, è lætâque erumpere cornua fronte.

Germina nascentis cœpere libidinis illi

Subter fetosum lætè pubescere mentum.

Nate, inquit, (lachrymæ simul erupère frequentes,

Nam materna acres urebant pectora curæ)

Dii faveant orbóque tibi, viduæque parenti,

Lætitiâque tuam vegetent florente juventam :

Ah Pater (hoc multo verbum eluctata labore,

Nam propè ruperunt miseras suspiria fibras)

Ah

Thy Father, had he lived this Day,
 To see the Branches of his Body display,
 How would he have joyed at this sweet Sight?
 But ah, false Fortune such Joy did him spite;
 And cut off his Daies with untimely Woe,
 Betraying him unto the Trains of his Foe.
 Now I a wailfull Widow behight,
 Of my old Age have this one Delight,
 To see thee succeed in thy Father's stead,
 And flourish in Flowers of Lusti-head.
 For even so thy Father his Head upheld,
 And so his haughty Horns did he weld.

Thou marking him with melting Eyes,
 A thrilling Throb from her Heart did arise,
 And interrupted all her other Speech,
 With some old Sorrow that made a new Breach.
 Seemed she saw (in her Youngling's Face)
 The old Lineaments of his Father's Grace.
 At last her fullen Silence she broke,
 And gan his new-budded Beard to stroke.
 Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great Care,
 I have of thy Health and thy Welfare,

Which

Ah Pater, ah lucem tibi si superesset in istam,
 Corporis ille sui ut sic luxuriantia cernat
 Germina, ut afficerent lætam hæc spectacula mentem?
 Gaudia at hæc illi fortuna invidit iniqua,
 Intempestivis præcîdens cladibus annos,
 Insidiatoris quem prodidit artibus hostis.
 Nunc ego crudeli vidua usque exesa dolore,
 Hæc habeo miseræ solatia sola senectæ,
 In patris vidisse locum succedere natum,
 Vernantis vegeto pubentem flore juventæ ;
 Nempe caput sic erectum pater antè gerebat,
 Et procera pari librabat cornua gestu.

Indè notans oculis multùm rorantibus illum,
 Ingentes imo gemitus de pectore traxit,
 Singultu medias interrumpente querelas ;
 Nam rediviva acuit sopitos cura dolores.
 Forfan pubenti foetus in fronte tenelli
 Expresse vultus eluxit imago paterni.
 Tandem jamdudum suspensa silentia rumpit,
 Et cœpit mulcere olidæ nova germina barbæ.
 Hœdule chare, (inquit) nôsti quàm me anxia semper
 Sollicitat vestræ metuentem cura saluti ;

Namque

Which many wild Beasts ligger in wait
 For to intrap in thy tender State :
 But, most the Fox, Maister of Collusion,
 For he has vowed thy last Confusion.
 For thy, my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
 And never give Trust to his Treacherie :
 And if he chance come when I am abroad,
 Sparre the Yate fast, for fear of Fraud.
 Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
 Open the Dore at his Request.

So schooled the Goat her wanton Son,
 That answered his Mother all should be done.
 Tho went the pensive Dame out of Doore,
 And chaunc'd to stumble at the Threshold Floore :
 Her stumbling Step somewhat her amazed,
 (For such as Signes of Ill-luck hath been dispraised)
 Yet forth she yode, thereat half agast,
 And Kiddie the dore sparred after her fast.
 It was not long after she was gone,
 But the false Fox came to the Dore anone.
 Not as a Fox, for then he had be kend,
 But all as a poor Pedler he did wend :

Bearing

Namque tibi infidias multæ posuere ferarum,
 Præque aliis tectas callens vulpecula fraudes
 Extremas clades vovet, exitiumque minatur;
 Ergò maternis monitis te trade regendum,
 Fucatisque dolis hujus nè crede salutem.
 Dúmque domi non sum, si fortè advenierit isthuc,
 Munitas occlude fores, fraudemque timeto.
 Nec te promissis inducat vafra, minisve,
 Ostia utì ignoto cuiquam reſerata pateſcant.

Lascivum his monitis instruxit sedula natum;
 Qui se facturum spondet mandata parentis.
 Tum demum septis egressa est anxia mater,
 Primo fucciduos offendens limine gressus.
 Incussit quendam gressus offensa stuporem;
 (Scilicet infamis funesto est omine fortis)
 Sed terrent licèt attonitam præſagia, pergit.
 Protinus indè fores, jussi memor, obserat hædus.
 Interea egressam parvo post tempore capram,
 Foeta dolis venit ad clauſas vulpecula caulas;
 Non vulpem confessa palàm, nè nosceret hædus,
 Sed quasi vicaſtim ſolitus divendere merces

Emporus:

Bearing a Trufs of Trifles at his Back,
 As Bells, and Babies, and Glaffes in his Pack.
 A Biggen he had got about his Brain,
 For in his Head-peece he felt a fore Pain.
 His hinder Heel was wrapt in a Clout,
 For with great Cold he had got the Gout.
 There at the Dore he caſt me down his Pack:
 And laïd him down, and groned, alack, alack:
 Ah deere Lord, and ſweet Saint Charitie,
 That ſome good Body would once pittie me.

Well heard Kiddie all this fore Conſtraint,
 And lengd to know the Cauſe of his Complaint:
 Tho creeping cloſe behind the Wickets clinke,
 Privily he peeped out through a Chincke;
 Yet not ſo privily but the Fox him ſpied;
 For deceitfull Meaning is double-eyed.

Ah, good young Maſter (then gan he cry)
 Jeſus bleſs that ſweet Face I eſpie,
 And keep your Corps from the carefull Stounds,
 That in my Carrion Carkas abounds.

The Kiddie, pittying his Heavineſs,
 Aſked the Cauſe of his great Diſtreſs,

And

Emporus: à tergo nugarum sarcina pendet,
 Pupæ, tinnitus nolæ, speculique nitores.
 Circumfusa caput redimibat fascia, nempe
 Æstuat affectum febris fervore cerebrum.
 Panno posterior pes circumeunte latebat
 Implicitus, tulerat frigus brumale podagram.
 Illic sarcinulas dejecit ad ostia vulpes,
 Decubuitque solo, gemitusque eduxit ab alto.
 O Deus! O quotcunque tenetis Numina coelos,
 Respicite huc oro, tandem & miserefcite nostri.

Istos incautus questus perceperat hœdus,
 Atque audire cupit, quæ tantæ causa querelæ.
 Hinc se subducens post ostia clausa latebat,
 Et clam per rimam cupidos transmisit ocellos;
 Nec sic occultè, quin vulpes vafra videret.
 (Vasfrities utrinque oculos gerit æmula Jani)

Ut vidit, clamare inceperat, ô here, Divi
 Frontis, quam video, lætos tueantur honores,
 Ulceribusque intacta istis tua corpora præstent,
 Quæ mihi per totum manant diffusa cadaver.

Imo hœdus tantos miserans è corde dolores,
 Scitatur tantos moveat quæ causa dolores,

And also who, and whence that he were?

Tho he that had well ycond his Lere,
Thus medled his Talk with many a Tear.

Sick, sick, alas, a little Lack of dead,

But I be relieved by your beastly-head.

I am a poor Sheep, albe my Colour's dun:

For with long Travel I am brent in the Sun.

And if that, my Grandfire me said, be true,

Siker I am very sybbe to you:

So be your Goodlihead do not disdaine

The base Kinred of so simple Swaine.

Of Mercy and Favour then I you pray,

With your Ayde to forestall my neer Decay.

Tho out of his Pack a Glasse he took:

Wherein while Kiddie unwares did look,

He was so enamoured with the Newell,

That nought he deemed dear for the Jewell.

Tho opened he the Dore, and in came

The false Fox, as he were stark lame.

His Tail he clapt betwixt his Leggs twain,

Left he should be descryed by his Train.

Being within, the Kidd made him good glee,

Et quisnam fiet, unde fatus, quò tenderet inde?

Tandem hæc jampridem fat respondere parata,

Crebris fallacem lachrymis rorata loquellam ;

Eheu ! ægra nimis, nimis ægra, ereboque propinqua,

Mox tua subveniat nisi munificentia lapsæ.

En ovis ! iste color quamvis obscurior æquo,

Nempe alias peragrantem oras me torruit æstas.

Et, modò sit verum quod dixit avunculus olim,

Sum tibi vicinâ consanguinitate propinqua :

(Si tua Nobilitas, tantis natalibus orta,

Non tam degeneris contagia sanguinis horret)

Affinis miserere tuæ, miserere misellæ,

Auxilioque tuo instantem præverte ruinam.

Sic ait, & speculi fulgentis sustulit orbem.

Hunc improvise temerarius inspicit hædus,

Insidiosa nimis novitas quem mercis inescat,

Ut nil, nè fulvum carum contrà æstimet aurum.

Indè fores aperit festinus, vafraque vulpes

Ingressa alterno cunctatur poplite gressus ;

In morem claudi, caudam sub ventre recondens,

Nè villosa nimis spectanti proderet hædo ;

Ingressam ignarus lætâ fronte excipit hospes,

All for the Love of the Glas he did see.
 After his Chear, the Pedlar gan chat,
 And tell many Lesings of this, and that:
 And how he could shew many a fine knack.
 Tho shewed his Ware, and opened his Pack,
 All save a Bell, which he left behind
 In the Basket for the Kidd to find.
 Which when the Kidd stooped down to catch,
 He popt him in, and his Basket did latch:
 Ne stayer he once, the Dore to make fast,
 But ran away with him in all haste.

Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,
 She mought see the Dore stand open wide.
 All agast, lowdly she gan to call
 Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
 Tho on the Flore she saw the Marchandise,
 Of which her Son had set too dear a Price.
 What Help? her Kidde she knew well is gone:
 She weeped and wailed, and made great Mone.
 Such End had the Kidde: for he nould warned be
 Of Craft coloured with Simplicity:
 And such End perdie does all hem remain,

Spe nitidi ductus speculi, quod viderat antè:
 Post epulas fallax fabellas Emporus orfus,
 Plurima de variis texit mendacia rebus,
 Mirandasque crepat nugas ; tum evolvere cœpit
 Sarcinulas, hædoque suas exponere merces,
 Evacuâtque arcam, sed nolam liquit in illa,
 Hædus ut inveniât ; quam cùm conspexerat ille,
 Sensim demittens se inflexo corpore, captat.
 Ut vidit vulpes, citò præcipitavit in arcam,
 Occlufitque ferâ ; mora nulla, haud septa laborat
 Claudere, sublatâ festinat ad antra rapinâ.

Postea quando domum remeaverat anxia mater,
 Aspicit & patulos nudato limine postes,
 Altâ voce suum stupefacta inclamitat hædum,
 Hædum iterat, natûmque iterat, vox nulla redibat.
 Indè lares intra digestas ordine merces
 Conspexit, magnò nimiùm quas emerat ille.
 Quid faceret? periisse suum jam comperit hædum.
 Ergo multa gemens questu vicina fatigat.
 Hæc hædi clades, quòd non vitaverat artes,
 Mentitæ velum quas simplicitatis obumbrat.
 Et certè reliquos idem manet exitus omnes,

That of such Falsers Friendship been fain.

PALINODE.

Truly, *Piers*, thou art beside thy Wit,
Furthest fro the Mark, weening it to hit.
Now I pray thee, let me thy Tale borrow
For our Sir *John* to say to Morrow
At the Kirk, when it is Holyday:
For well he means, but little can say.
But and if Foxes been so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

PIERS.

Of their Falshood more could I recount,
But now the bright Sun ginneth to dismount;
And for the dewie Night now draw'th nie,
I hold it best for us home to hie.

JUNE.

Qui cum tam vafris commercia jungere gaudent.

DORYLAS.

Jam reor emotam cessisse à cardine mentem,
 Nam metam fixisse ratus modò, longiùs erras :
 Nunc me quæso finas fabellam hanc mutuò fumam,
 Noster cras sacrâ quam detonet æde Joannes,
 (Festa ea nempe dies) faciet cùm verba popello.
 Nam benè cùm sentit, vix paucula dicere novit.
 At tot fallendi vulpes si calleat artes,
 Pastorum exploret cæcas follertia technas.

LYCIDAS.

Plurima de vulpis poteram recitare dolosis
 Artibus: at nunc Phoebus equûm fumantia solvit
 Colla jugo, properat madidis nox roscida pennis.
 Retrò maturemus iter, casulâsque petamus.

J U N E.

The Sixth Æ G L O G U E.

The ARGUMENT.

Hobbinol, from a Description of the Pleasures of the Place, excites Colin to the Enjoyment of them. Colin declares himself incapable of Delight, by reason of his ill Success in Love, and his Loss of Rosalind, who had treacherously forsaken him for Menalcas, another Shepherd. By Tityrus mention'd before in the Second Æglogue, and again in the Twelfth, is plainly meant Chaucer, whom the Author profess'd sometimes to imitate. In the Person of Colin, as before is represented, the Author himself, and Hobbinol's inviting him to leave the hilly Country, seems to allude to his leaving the North, where he had for some Time resided.

HOBINOL.

L O Colin, here the Place, whose pleasant Site
 From other Shades hath weand my wandring Mind :
 Tel me, what wants me here, to work Delight?
 The simple Ayre, the gentle warbling Wind,
 So calme, so coole, as no where else I find:
 The grassie Ground with dainty Daisies dight,

The

June.



P. Fourdrinier sculp.



J U N I U S.

Æ G L O G A Sexta.

ARGUMENTUM.

Mopsus, à loci situ peramœno, (ubi tunc aderat) Alexi suadet, ut ruris voluptatibus totum se daret. Alexis sibi delicias omnes insulas esse innuit, eò quòd Phyllis sua perfidè, & inclementer se gessisset, & quòd Menalcan, alium Pastorem, arfisset. Tityri nomine, in Secundâ Æglogâ memorati, sicut etiam in Duodecimâ, intelligitur Galfridus Chaucerus, quem Spenserus, in carminibus suis, profitetur subinde imitari. Sub Personâ Alexis, ut priùs, exhibetur ipse Spenserus. Mopsus demùm suadere eum conatur, ut relictis montibus in valles descenderet; quâ loquendi Formulâ hortatur eum, ut à regione Boreali, ubi diu vitam egisset, quàm citissimè rediret.

MOPSUS.

EN locus, en cujus positus peramœnus, Alexi,
 Jam reliquos fecit præ se fordescere campos !
 Ecquid dulce usquam quod quis desideret istic?
 Aer quàm liquidus ! quàm lene assibilat aura !
 Quàm gelida ! anne ullo tam mitis spirat ab axe?
 Ut ridet vario distinctus gramine campus !

The bramble Bush, where Birds of every Kind
To th' Waters Fall their Tunes attemper right.

COLIN.

O happy *Hobbinol*, I blefs thy State,
That Paradife hath found which *Adam* loft.
Here wander may thy Flock, early or late,
Withouten Dread of Wolves to been ytoft:
Thy lovely Layes heere mayest thou freely hofte:
But I, unhappy Man! whom cruel Fate,
And angry Gods purfue from Coſte to Coſte,
Can no where find to ſhroud my luckleſs Pate,

HOBBINOL.

Then if by me thou liſt adviſed be,
Forſake thy Soyle, that ſo doth thee bewitch;
Leave me thoſe Hilles, where Harbrough nis to ſee,
Nor Holy-buſh, nor Breere, nor winding Witch:
And to the Dales reſort, where Shepheards rich,
And fruitfull Flocks been every where to ſee:
Here no night Ravens lodge, more black then Pitch,
Nor elviſh Ghoſts, nor gaſtly Owles do flee.

But friendly Fayeries, mer with many Graces,
And light-foot Nymphes can chaſe the lingring Night,

With

Ut dumeta virent, avibus domus hospita blandis,
Labenti modulos quàm quæque accommodat undæ !

ALEXIS.

O felix, nate ô fausto sub sydere, Mopse,
Tu multùm quæsitâ tenes felicia Tempe.
Hîc matutinæ, fero hîc sub vespere vestræ
Errabunt pecudes omni à discrimine tutæ,
Vicinisque tuos sylvis resonabis amores.
Ast ego, quem semper non exorabile fatum
Jactat, & irati nimia inclementia cœli,
Non reperi, infaustum caput in quâ sede recondam.

MOPSUS.

Ergo si monitus non aspernabere nostros,
Illicò linque illum, qui te malè fascinat, agrum;
Linque illos colles, ubi rarior umbra, coronant
Quos nulli frutices, nec amicæ vitibus ulmi.
Te recipe ad valles, ubi mille opulescere cernes
Pastores, multóque greges succrescere foetu.
Nulla hîc nycticorax lætis pernoctat in agris,
Nec torvi lemures, nec ferali omine bubo.

At Laribus blandis occurſat Gratia triplex,
Et Nymphæ alipedes choreâ plaudente fatigant

Tardi-

With heydegues, and trimly trodden Traces;
 While Sisters nine, which dwell on *Parnass* Hight,
 Do make them Musick for their more Delight;
 And *Pan* himself to kiss their crystal Faces,
 Will pipe and dance, when *Phæbe* shineth bright:
 Such peereless Pleasures have we in these Places.

COLIN.

And I, whilst Youth, and Course of careless Yeares,
 Did let me walk withouten Links of Love,
 In such Delights did joy amongst my Peeres:
 But riper Age such Pleasures doth reprove,
 My Fancy eke from former Follies move
 To stayed Steps; for Time in passing wears,
 (As Garments doen, which wexen old above)
 And draweth new Delights with hoary Hayres.

Tho couth I sing of Love, and tune my Pipe
 Unto my plaintive Pleas in Verses made:
 Tho would I seek for Queen-apples unripe,
 To give my *Rosalinde*, and in Sommers Shade
 Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common Trade,
 To crown her golden Locks; but Years more ripe,

And

Tardigradam noctem, concinnóque ordine pressa

Dia solum certo signant vestigia ductu :

Et Parnassiaci doctus chorus accola montis

Stridula ad artifices attemperat organa gressus.

Pan quoque marmoreis affigat ut oscula labris,

Ad lunam calamosque inflat, ducítque choreas.

Tanta istíc oritur nusquam æquiparanda voluptas.

ALEXIS.

Immò ego dum juvenis, dum me securior ætas

Nexibus infani nondum implicuisset amoris,

Æquævos inter gaudebam lusibus iisdem,

Quos jam proscripsit paulò maturior ætas ;

Noftráque ab assuetis alienans pectora nugis,

Dirigit in meliùs gressus : nam labilis ætas

Deteritur, vestis velut inveterascit habendo,

Deliciásque novas secum trahit alba senectus.

Tum mihi carmen amor lugubre sonante cicutâ,

Mórosâ dulces tum fermentare querelâ

Assuevi cantus, & nondum mitia poma

Avulsi invitis (ut ferrem Phyllidi) ramis.

Æstivâque novos umbrâ decerpere flores

Cura fuit, capiti gratum gestamen amato.

Sed

And Lofs of her, whose Love as Life I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBBINOL.

Colin, to hear thy Rimes and round Delayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastfull Hills to sing,
I more delight, than *Larke* in Summer Dayes:
Whose Eccho made the neighbour Grove to ring,
And taught the Byrdes, which in the lower Spring,
Did shrowde in shadie Leaves from sunny Rayes,
Frame to thy Song their chearfull Cheriping,
Or hold their Peace, for shame of thy sweet Layes.

I saw *Calliope* with Muses moe,
Soon as thy Oaten Pipe began to found,
Their Ivorie Lutes and Timburins forgoe:
And from the Fountain, where they sate around,
Renne after hastily thy silver Sound.
But when they came, where thou thy Skill didst showe,
They drew aback, as half with Shame confound,
Shepheards to see them in their Art out-goe.

COLIN.

Sed mea nunc annis paulò maturior ætas,
 Et præcepta mihi præ vitâ chara puella
 Ægra hæc pertæsâ pepulerunt gaudia mente.

MOPSUS.

Gratius est multò vestrum mihi carmen, Alexi,
 Ludere quod montis dorso squalente solebas,
 Blandus quàm æstivâ garritus acanthidis horâ.
 Nam tua vicinæ referunt modulamina fylvæ,
 Quæ volucres propter labentis murmura rivi,
 Tectas frondosâ à radiis solaribus umbrâ
 Invitant vestris cantando alludere cannis,
 Aut cogunt tanto stupidas mutescere cantu.

Vidi ego Calliopen, turbâ comitante sororum,
 Cùm tua dulcisonos exorsa est fistula cantus,
 Neglectis citharis, & eburni verbere plectri,
 Fontéque deserto, modò quem cinxere coronâ,
 Ad tua præcipiti ferri modulamina cursu.
 Tandem progressis, quâ tu modulatus avenâ
 Artem ostentabas, stupefacta hinc quæque retrorsum
 Reflexit gressus, subito suffusa pudore,
 Pastorem cernens cantu prævertere Musas.

ALEXIS.

COLIN.

Of Muses, *Hobbinol*, I con no Skill,
 For they been Daughters of the highest *Jove*,
 And holden Scorn of homely Shepherds Quill;
 For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phæbus* strove,
 Which him to much Rebuke and Danger drove,
 I never list presume to *Parnass* Hill,
 But piping low, in Shade of lowly Grove,
 I play to please my self, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my Song doth praise or blame,
 Ne strive to win Renown, or pass the rest:
 With Shepherds sit not, follow flying Fame,
 But feed his Flock in Fields, where falls him best.
 I wote my Rimes been rough, and rudely drest,
 The fitter they, my carefull Case to frame:
 Enough is me to paint out my Unrest,
 And poure my pitious Complaints out in the same.

The God of Shepherds, *Tityrus* is dead,
 Who taught me homely, as I can to make:
 He, whilst he lived, was the soveraign Head
 Of Shepherds all, that been with Love ytake.

Well

ALEXIS.

Musarum nec gnarus ego, nec notus ab illis:

Istas nempe ferunt ortas Jove patre forores;

Hinc dedignari graciles pastoris avenas;

Panáque Phoebeo calamos componere plectro

Aufum, perpetuam famæ attraxisse lituram.

Hinc Parnassiaci desperans ardua montis,

Hic humiles inter, tutâ sub valle, myricas

Ad libitum, tenuem (rudiùs licèt) inflo cicutam.

Nec morsus unquam stulti, aut præconia vulgi

Adverto, aut laudem fitio, palmamve canendi

Ambio sollicitus: blandos captare fufurros

Famæ pastorem nequaquam, Mopse, decebit;

Sed pavisse gregem quâ læti pascua campi.

Asperiora scio, limâ rudiore polita

Carmina nostra, at eò magè forti accommoda nostræ;

Explicuisse meos furiati pectoris æstus

Sat mihi, lugubrique animum exonerâsse querelâ.

Tityrus ille, Deus pastorum, Tityrus ille

Occidit, edocuit qui pangere primus Alexi

Quomodocunque licèt; dum vixit, signifer ille

Pastorum, infano quotquot capiuntur amore.

Hic

Well couth he wayle his woes, and lightly flake
 The Flames, which Love within his Heart hath bred,
 And tell us merry Tales, to keep us wake,
 The while our Sheep about us safely fed.

Now dead is he, and lieth wrapt in Lead,
 O why should Death on him such Outrage shew!
 And all his passing Skill with him is fled,
 The Fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
 But if on me some little Drops would flow
 Of that the Spring was in his learned Head,
 I soon would learn these Words to wail my Woe,
 And teach the Trees their trickling Tears to shed.

Then should my Complaints, caus'd of Discourtesee,
 As Messengers of this my painful Plight,
 Fly to my Love, where ever that she bee,
 And pearce her Heart with Point of worthy Wight,
 As she deserves, that wrought so deadly Spight.
 And thou, *Menalcas*, that by Trechery,
 Didst underfong my Lady, to waxe so light,
 Should'st well be known for such thy Villany.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
 Ye gentle Shepheards, which your Flocks do feed,

Whether

Hic casus planxisse suos, moderarier æstum
 Calluit, immiti quem incenderat igne Cupido,
 Fabellisquæ mihi obrepentem avertere somnum,
 Pinguia dum pecudes carpebant pascua tutæ.

Nunc obiit, gelidoque insutus corpora plumbo
 Preffit humum, (tanta ah rabies cur mortis in illum?)
 Et cum vate suo periit divina canendi
 Ars, cujus totum jam crescit fama per orbem.
 Quòd si in me flueret de tanto paucula fonte
 Guttula, quæ vatis divino ebulliit ore:
 Illicò ego has sylvas nostras lugere docerem
 Clades, atque istas lachrymis rorarier ulmos.

Tunc & crebra meæ feritate expressa puellæ,
 Ingrata infauisti querimonia nuncia casûs,
 In gremium nostræ, quocunque sit illa sub axe,
 Confugeret dominæ, peccati pectora morfu
 Suffodiens: de me sic scilicet illa meretur.
 Tu quoque qui variis nostræ, malefide Menalca,
 Oppugnâs technis ventosum pectus Amicæ,
 Expositus toti fieres mox fabula mundo.

Verùm cùm non sum, qualem mea vota capeffunt,
 Vos ô Pastores, mitissima turba, rogamus,

Whether on Hills, or Dales, or other where,
 Bear Witness all of this so wicked Deed:
 And tell the Lads, whose Flowre is woxe a weed,
 And faultless Faith is turned to faithless Feer,
 That she the truest Shepherd's Heart made bleed,
 That lives on earth, and loved her most dear.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy Case,
 Thy Tears would make the hardest Flint to flo.
 Ah! faithless *Rosalind*, and void of Grace,
 That art the Root of all this ruthfull Woe!
 But now is time, I guess, homeward to goe:
 Then rise, ye blessed Flocks, and home apace,
 Least Night with stealing Steps do you forefloe,
 And wet your tender Lambes that by you trace.

Quotquot ubique jugis pecudes, aut vallibus imis

Pascitis, atrocis testes assistite facti:

Dicite vos, dominæ; cujus flos, nobilis olim,

Mortiferum est (succo jam degenerante) venenum:

Cujus & inculpata fides nunc perfida culpa est;

Dicite, pastoris fidissima fauciat illa

Pectora, quæque illam sitiunt, super omnia chara.

MORSUS.

Indignas, ô Alexi, tuas deploro ruinas;

Posse tuis lachrymis duram tabescere credo

In guttas filicem. O infida, ingrataque Phyllis!

Impia tam diri radix fœcunda doloris.

Sed monet elapsum nos hinc abscedere tempus.

Surge igitur, repetâsque tuum festinus ovile

Felix grex; nè nox tacitis allapfa quadrigis

Anticipet lentum, laterique hærentia matrum

Corpora natûrum frigenti rore madescant;

J U L Y.

The Seventh ÆGLOGUE.

The ARGUMENT.

Morrel, a Goatherd, calls to Thomalin a Shepherd to come up to him on the hilly Ground, where he is sitting. Thomalin gives his Reasons why he prefers the lower Station. The Moral of this Æglogue is to reprove Ambition in Shepherds, and seems more particularly levell'd against the Pride of the Romish Clergy.

THOMALIN.

MORREL.

THOMALIN.

IS not thilke same Goteheard proude,
That sits on yonder Bank:
Whose straying Heard themselfe doth throwde
Emong the ~~Bushes~~ Rank?

MORREL.

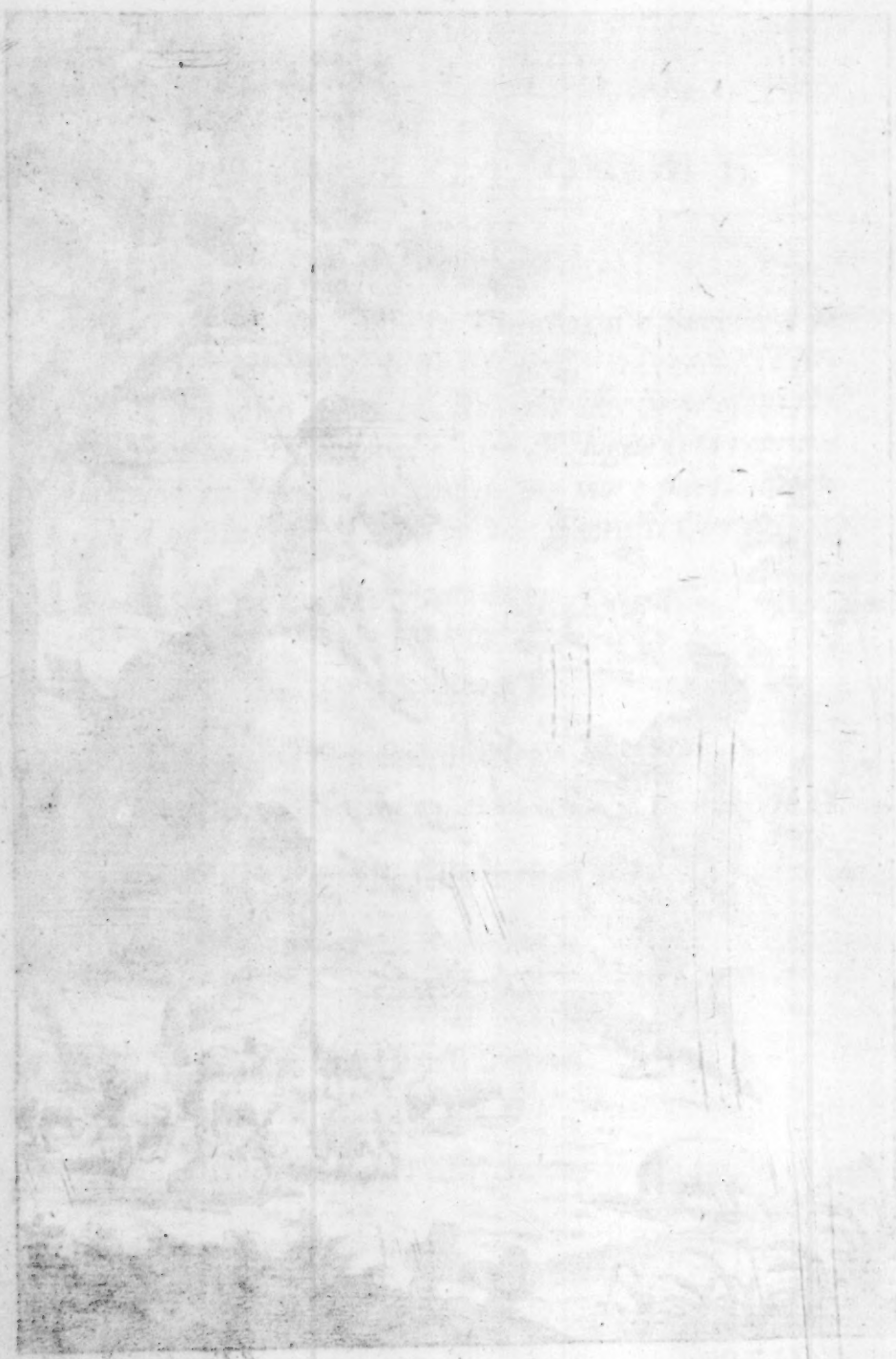
What ho, thou jolly Shepheards Swaine,
Come up the Hill to me:
Better is then lowly Plaine,
Als for thy Flock and thee.

THOMALIN.

July.



P. Fourdrinier sculp.



J U L I U S.

Æ G L O G A Septima.

ARGUMENTUM.

Mæris, Caprarius, Thyrsin ovium Pastorem invitat, ut colles ascenderet, & secum unâ assideret. Thyrsis argumenta exhibet, cur se tutiorem esse censeret, dum in vallibus maneret. Ægloga hæc, quæ moralis est, videtur acriter conscindere superbiam Pastorum, illam præcipuè Pastorum Romanorum.

THYRSIS.

MOERIS.

THYRSIS.

ANnon fastosus, faxo qui sessitat illo,
 Caprarum est custos, cujus malè credita curæ
 Delitet hamatis pecus errabunda rubetis?

MOERIS.

Heus, heus, huc ad me, pastor lepidissime, montem
 Ascendas, potes hac mecum confidere rupe.
 Commodior valle est pecori, pecorisque magistro.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield Man, that I should clime,

And learn to look aloft:

This Reade is rife, that oftentime

Great Climbers fall unsoft.

In humble Dales is Footing fast,

The Trode is not so tickle:

And though one fall through heedless haste,

Yet is his Mifs not mickle.

And now the Sun hath reared up,

His fiery-footed Teme,

Making his way between the Cuppe,

And golden Diademe;

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,

With Dogges of noysome Breath,

Whose balefull Barking brings in haste,

Pine, Plagues, and dreery Death.

Against his cruel scorching Heat,

Where hast thou Coverture?

The wastfull Hills unto his Threat,

Is a plain Overture.

But if thee lust to holden Chat

With

THYRSIS.

Avertat Deus omen ! ego jam scandere discam !

Spectabóque altum ? Vulgi percrebuit ore,

Affliget gravior, scandentes ardua, casus.

Imâ valle gradus stabilis, vestigia raro

Infida ; impinget si quâ properatio cæco

Inconsulta gradu ; minùs, aut nihil indè pericli.

Nunc etiam ignipedes alto temone quadrigas

Evexit Titan, æquo discrimine certum

Urget iter Cratera means, intérque Coronam :

Insequiturque ferum Cane tristè latrante Leonem ;

Cujus pestifero ructatus anhelitus ore

Languores ciet, & crebro cum funere pestem.

Contra torrentem flammati syderis æstus

Quod munimen habes ? En nuda sine arbore saxa

Phœbæo produnt ora indefensa furori.

Quòd si fortè tibi alternæ commercia vocis

With feely Shepherds Swain,
Come down and learn the little what
That *Thomalin* can saine.

MORREL.

Siker, thous but a laefie Loord,
And rekes much of thy Swinke,
That with fond Terms and witlefs Words
To blere mine Eyes dooft think.
In evil Hour thou hentst in hond
Thus holy Hils to blame:
For sacred unto Saints they stond,
And of them han their Name.
S. Michel's Mount who does not know,
That wardes the western Coast?
And of *S. Bridget's* Bowre I trowe,
All *Kent* can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses Skill,
Fain mostwhat, that they dwell,
(As Goteheards wont) upon a Hill,
Beside a learned Well.
And wonned not the great God *Pan*,
Upon Mount *Olivet* :

Feeding

Cum pastore placent, descende à vertice montis,
Et nôris, poterit quantillum dicere Thyrsis.

MOERIS.

Hem pigrum clamant tua verba ! Isthocne laboris
Sit tanti, diverticula ut tibi inania quæras,
Occæcésque oculos vanâ caligine nostros ?

Abstineas probris, adverfo tempore montes
Aggrederis culpare istos, pia cura bonorum
Stant sacri divis, & fumunt nomen ab illis.

Nam Michaëlæi quis nesciit ardua montis,
Ingens qui occiduis munimen prominet oris ?
Sic Brigidæ felix umbracula Cantia jactat.

Et nôrunt doctas qui, ter tria numina, Musas,
Montanum dicunt has incoluisse cacumen,
Limpidulum juxta fontem, ut queis cura caprarum.

Nonne frequentavit glaucis juga confita olivis
Magnus Pan ? pavitque gregem, grex ille beatus

Israeli-

Feeding the blessed Flock of *Dan*,
Which did himself beget?

THOMALIN.

O blessed Sheep, O Shepherd great,
That bought his Flock so dear,
And them did save with bloudy Sweat,
From Wolves that would them tear.

MORREL.

Befide, as holy Fathers faine,
There is a holy Place,
Where *Titan* riseth from the *Maine*,
To ren his daily Race.

Upon whose Toppe the Starres beene stayd,
And all the Skie doth leane,
There is the Cave where *Phæbus* layed
The Shepherd long to dreame.

Whilome there used Shepherds all
To feed their Flocks at Will,
Till by his Folly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.

And sithence Shepherds been foresaid,
From Places of Delight:

For

Israëliticum, propriâ quem morte redemit?

THYRSIS.

Felix tērque quatērque pecus, ter maxime Pastor

Tam magno mercate gregem, sudore cruento

Infesti qui à fauce lupi tutatus ovile es,

MOERIS.

Præterea (Sancti retulerunt hæc quoque patres)

Relligione facer locus est, quâ Phœbus ab undis

Emicat, ut cursûs peragat stata pensa diurni;

In cujus summo figuntur vertice stellæ,

Cúmque suis stellis innititur arduus æther:

Illic & specus est, in quo Latonia proles

Pastoris domuit longævo tempora somno.

Olim hîc pastores læti per gramina campi

Egerunt pecudes, donec deliquerat unus,

Delictóque locum reliquis occluserat illum,

Indè quòd Elysiis Pan nos excluderit agris,

Relligio

For thy, I ween thou bee afraide
 To clime this Hilles Height,
 Of *Synab* can I tell thee more,
 And of our Ladies Bowre :
 But little needs to strow my Store,
 Suffice this Hill of our.
 Heere han the holy *Faunes* Recourfe,
 And *Sylvanes* haunten rathe,
 Heere has the falt *Medway* his Sourfe,
 Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe :
 The falt *Medway* that trickling streams
 Adowne the Dales of *Kent*,
 Till with the elder Brother *Themes*,
 His brackish Waves be meynt.
 Here grows *Melampode* every where,
 And *Terebinth* good for Gotes :
 The one, my madding Kids to smere,
 The next, to heal their Throtes.
 Hereto, the Hills been nigher Heaven,
 And thence the Passage ethe :
 As well can prove the pearcing Levin,
 That feldome falls beneath.

THOMALIN.

Relligio est montem pede te calcare profano.

Possẽm etiam memorare hic aspro confraga colle

Tesqua piæ Dominæ, hic viridi juga confita lauro;

Avia dein Sinai: sed quid de divite promam

Plura penu, nobis cum mons suffecerit iste?

Hic petulans crebrò ludit per prata recurſu

Faunus, Sylvanique leves, Nymphisq̃ue notatus

Medweagus leni perlabitur agmine campos;

Medweagus, qui Cantiacas crispantibus undis

Decurrit valles, dum major frater adoptet,

Excipiens falsas Thamesinis fluctibus undas.

Ecce Melampodium, capris en utilis ægris,

His injussa jugis Terebinthus multa virescit;

Ad rabiẽm facit hæc, ad gutturis altera morbos.

Præterea mons hic cœlo vicinior ipsi

Eminet, hoc etenim (perrarò in valle reperti)

Monte cadunt crebrò rutilantes fulminis ignes.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd Lorel,
 Of Heaven to deemen fo;
 How be I am but rude and borrel,
 Yet nearer Wayes I know.
 To Kirke the narre, from God more farre,
 Has been an old faid Saw,
 And he that strives to touch a Starre,
 Oft stumbles at a Straw.
 Alsoone may Shepherds clime to Skie.
 That leads in lowly Dales,
 As Goteheard proud that fitting hie,
 Upon the Mountain Sayles.
 My feely Sheep like well below,
 They need not *Melampode*;
 For they been hale enough, I trow;
 And liken their Abode.
 But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
 They foon might be corrupted:
 Or like not of the frowie Fede,
 Or with the Weeds be glutted.
 The Hills where dwelled holy Saints,

THYRSIS.

Quid blatero mihi fabellas obtrudis aniles?

Ad coelos has rere vias? Ego ruris alumnus

Ad superas breviora arces compendia novi.

Longiùs à superis sæpe est vicinior aris;

Hoc verbum vetus, & caput inferuisse laborans

Astris, offendit titubanti ad stramina gressu.

Tam citò stelliferos pastor conscenderit axes

Valle imâ ducens, quàm celso monte superbus

Caprarum custos, nitidis conterminus astris.

Nostra misella pecus gaudet convallibus imis;

Non herbis opus huic medicis, viget integra sano

Corpore, convallis pastu contenta salubri.

Quòd si cum capris communem scandere montem

Susciperet, subitâ correpta à tabe periret,

Aut fastidiret muscosi pabula saxi,

Aut attonderet virosi gramina fucci.

Sacra ego sanctorum vita celebrata virorum

I reverence and adore:
 Not for themfelfe, but for the Saints,
 Which han been dead of yore.
 And now they been to Heaven forwent,
 Their Good is with them go:
 Their Sample to us only lent,
 That als we mought do fo.
 Shepherds they weren of the beft,
 And lived in lowly leas:
 And fith their Souls be now at Rest,
 Why done we them difeafe?
 Such one he was (as I have heard)
 Old *Algrind* often faine,
 That whilome was the first Shepheard,
 And lived with little Gaine:
 And meek he was, as meek mought bee,
 Simple, as fimple Sheep:
 Humble, and like in each Degree
 The Flock which he did keep.
 Often he ufed of his Sheep,
 A Sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a Kid, now with a Sheep,

Suspicio juga, non tam quòd juga, sed quòd in illis,
Sancti degerunt, omni ferrugine puri.

Nunc isti ad sedes nos præcessere beatas,
Cúmque illis probitas, & tantùm exempla supersunt,
Ad quæ nos nostros par est componere mores.

Flos hic pastorum, pastorum hic optimus ordo,
Contentus pavisse gregem per vallis opaca:
Cúmque quieverunt placidâ jam pace potiti,
Quorsum turbamus vano sermone quietem?

Talis, talis erat (meminit mihi Tityrus olim)
Pastorum primus, parvi mercede lucelli
Contentus, primùm qui custodivit ovile:

Mitis erat, si quisquam mitis, nescius omnis
Fraudis, at instar ovis, pecudíque per omnia molli
Par geminúsque, humilisque pecus pecudísque magister.

Plurima de plenis exivit victima septis,
Nunc ove, nunc teneris lactentis carnibus hædi

The Altars hallowing.
 So louted he unto the Lord,
 Such Favour could he find,
 That never fithens was abhord
 The simple Shepherds kind.
 And such I weene the Brethren were,
 That came from *Canaan* :
 The Brethren twelve, that kept yfere
 The Flocks of mighty *Pan*.
 But nothing such thilke Shepheard was,
 Whom *Ida's* Hill did bear :
 That left his Flock to fetch a Lafs,
 Whose Love he bought too dear :
 For he was proud, that Ill was paid,
 (No such mought Shepherds bee)
 And with lewd Lust was over-layd :
 Tway Things doen ill agree.
 But Shepherds mought be meek and mild,
 Well eyed, as *Argus* was :
 With fleshly Follies undefil'd,
 And stout as Steed of Brass.

Imbuit hic sanctus Pani gratissimus aras;

Quem sic affiduis cumulans altaria donis

Demeruit sacris, ex illo ut tempore nunquam

Respuerit vilem tenuis pastoris acerram.

Nobilium talem fratrum reor esse cohortem,

Fratrum, bis seni Cananææ, qui ubere glebæ

Panis oves pavêre Isrælitide terrâ.

Nequaquam talis, Phrygiâ nutritus in Idâ,

Pastor erat; qui liquit oves, petiitque puellam,

Illicitos cujus nimio licitatur amores.

Hic tumidus, (talem pastorem haud convenit esse)

Affluit at Nemesis, rabiidâque libidine captus,

Dignas neglecti pœnas expendit ovilis.

Nostra etenim curis mens est angusta duabus.

Pastor sit mitisq̃ue, humilisq̃ue, oculatior Argo,

Undeque prospiciens, nullâque libidine tactus,

Instar habens chalybis non expugnabile pectus.

Sike one (saide *Algrind*) *Moses* was,

That saw his Maker's Face,

His Face more clear than chrystal Glasse,

And spake to him in Place.

This had a Brother, (his Name I know)

The first of all his Cote :

A Shepherd true, yet not so true,

As he that earst I hote.

Whilome all these were low, and leese,

And loved their Flocks to feed,

They never stroven to be Chief:

And simple was their Weed.

But now (thanked be God therefore)

The World is well amend :

Their Weeds bene not so nighly wore,

Such Simpleesse mought them shend.

They been yclad in Purple and Pall,

So hath their God them blist :

They raigne and rulen over all,

And lord it as they list :

Ygirt with Belts of Glitter and Gold,

(Mought they good Shepheards been)

Their

Talis erat Mofes, (retulit sic Tityrus ante)
 Numinis hic summi cernebat comminùs ora,
 Cryftallo longè magè lucida numinis ora;
 Reddiderátque vices sermonis comminùs aftans.
 Huic & frater erat, primus nempe ordinis hujus,
 (Excidit at nomen) verus, paftórque fidelis,
 Verùm fratre fuo minor hic natúque, fidéque.

Ifti omnes humiles contenti fimplici viétu,
 Gaudebant grege pascendo, nunquámque præeffe
 Ambibant, tritâ induti plerúmque lacernâ.

Sed nunc, (munifico fit debita gratia Pani)
 Emicat in melius ruditás paftoria; veftis
 Non tam trita illis, nam nunc foret illa rubori.

Purpureo latè jam fulgent murice (largus
 Hæc Deus indulfit) rerum potiuntur habenis
 Pro libitu, & cunctas dominantur ubíque per oras.

Fulgidus hos ambit rutilanti balteus auro,
 (Det Deus effe probos paftores) vendidit illis

Their *Pan* their Sheep to them has fold,

I fay, as some have feen.

For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)

Yode late on Pilgrimage

To *Rome*, (if fuch be *Rome*) and then

He faw thilk Mifufage.

For Shepheards (faid he) there doen lead,

As Lords done otherwhere :

Their Sheep han Crufts, and they the Bread,

The Chips, and they the Cheere :

They han the Fleece, and eke the Flefh,

(O filly Sheep the while)

The Corn is theirs, let others threfh,

Their Hands they may not file.

They han great Store, and thrifty Flocks,

Great Friends, and feeble Foes;

What need hem caren for their Flocks?

Their Boyes can look to thofe.

Thefe Wifards welter in Wealth's Waves,

Pamptred in Pleasures deep :

They han fat Kernes, and leany Knaves,

Their fafting Flocks to keep.

Pan suus ipse greges, oculato à teste renarro,

Námque Idmon nuper (siquid tibi cognitus Idmon)

Vifendi studio ignotas provectus in oras

Advenit Romam (siquà tam foeta furoris

Urbs sit) ubi vidit tales crebrescere ritus.

Nempe pedum híc, quantùm reliquis dominatur in oris

Sceptrum ; namque misella pecus præsegmina, panem

Pastor habet ; grex relíquias, sed fercula pastor.

Vellera pastoris, pastoris præmia carnes ;

(O miseræ interea pecudes) feret alter, & alter,

Hic metet, ad reliquos non est manus apta labores.

Copia plena illis, pecudes per pascua lætæ,

Densus amicorum cœtus, nec mussitat hostis :

Quorsum hi prospicerent gregibus? puer hosce tuetur.

Fortunæ aureolis hi luxuriantur in undis,

Inque voluptatum pingui se gurgite opimant.

Upilio macer his, (sed pinguis turba clientum)

Impastas servans pecudes, vix pastus & ipse.

Sike mifter Men been all misgone,

They heafen Hills of Wrath:

Sike filie Shepheards han we none,

They keepen all the Path.

MORREL.

Heere is a great deal of good Matter

Loft for lack of telling:

Now fiker I see thou dooft but clatter:

Harm may come of melling.

Thou medleſt more then ſhall have thanke

To witen Shepheards Wealth.

When Folk been fat, and Riches rank,

It is a Signe of Health.

But ſay me, what is *Algrind*, he

That is ſo oft bynempt?

THOMALIN.

He is a Shepheard great in 'gree,

But hath been long ypent:

One Day he ſate upon a Hill,

(As now thou wouldeſt me;

But I am taught by *Algrind's* Ill,

To love the low Degree.)

For

Isti omnes recto deflectunt tramite gressus,
 Exacuúntque iram Panis; sed limite jussó
 Decurrunt nostri, nec fastus pectora sufflat.

MOERIS.

Ut tua dicendi segetem facundia largam
 Destituit! verùm quoniam sic obstrepis, audi;
 Alterius rerum fatagenti præstò perículum.

Vicinis en ingratum malè sedulus ultrò
 Inferis arbitrium, pastoris prospera damnans:
 Pinguescitne, & rebus luxuriatur opimis
 Plebs? O felicitis signa indubitata salutis.
 Verùm, Thyrsi, precor, mihi dic, quis Tityrus ille,
 Tityrus ille, tuo tam multus Tityrus ore?

THYRSIS.

Pastores inter magni meritique, locique,
 Jamdudum casulâ abstrusus; qui tempore quodam
 Monti infidebat, sic me confidere velles,
 Mœri, jugis; tantâ doctum quem, Tityre, clade,
 Hortaris tutæ semper se credere valli.

Dúmque

For sitting so with bared Scalpe,

An Eagle fored hie,

That weening his white Head was Chalke,

A Shell-fish down let flie.

She ween'd the Shell-fish to have broke,

But therewith bruis'd his Brain :

So now astonied with the Stroke,

He lyes in lingring Pain.

MORREL.

Ah good *Algrind*, his hap was ill,

But shall be better in Time :

Now farewell, Shepheard, fith this Hill,

Thou hast such Doubt to clime,

AUGUST.

Dúmque apricatur nudato vertice canus
 Alto monte senex, fummis Jovis ales oberrans
 Nubibus, ecce putans canentia tempora cretam,
 Dejecit duram sublimi ex æthere concham,
 Sperans se æquoreæ fracturam tegmina prædæ.

Illisit cerebro senis, ast hic verbere conchæ
 Attonitus, sensim lento mœrore liquescit.

MOERIS.

Ah miserande senex, quàm durâ es, Tityre, sorte?
 Quæ mox forsan erit melior: tu verò valetò,
 Cùm tantùm dubitas montem hunc conscendere, Pastor.

AUGUSTUS.

A U G U S T.

The Eighth Æ G L O G U E.

The ARGUMENT.

Two Shepherds, Perigot and Willy, contend for a Prize in Verse: Perigot relates in a Song the Manner of his falling in Love. Willy bears a Part in a Kind of Repartee, or Under-song. Cuddy, who was a Judge between them, repeats a Kind of Roundelay of Despair, made by Colin on Rosalind.

WILLY.

PERIGOT.

WILLY.

TELL me, *Perigot*, what shall be the Game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy Musick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes renne farre out of Frame?
Or hath the Cramp thy Joynts benumb'd with Ach?

PERIGOT.

Ay, *Willy*, when the Heart is assayde,
How can Bagpipe or Joynts be well apayde?

WILLY.

What the foule Evill hath thee so bestad?
Whilom thou wast peregall to the best,

And

August



P. Fourdrinier sculp

(145)
FUGUA



AUGUSTUS.

ÆGLOGA Octava.

ARGUMENTUM.

Duo Pastores, Alcon & Daphnis, pignore deposito, certamen Poeticum ineunt. Alcon Carmen recitat de Amore ejus. Daphnis succinit; uterque alternatim respondent. Damon Judex constituitur, qui Cantiunculam sylvestrem canit, luctuosam admodum, ab Alexi in Amorem Phyllidis suæ compositam.

DAPHNIS.

ALCON.

DAPHNIS.

DIC mihi, dic, Alcon, quod vis deponere pignus
Pro quo ausis vestros calamis componere nostris?

An tua laxatis diffuta est fistula ceris?

Tormenti an digitos stupefecit frigore spasmus?

ALCON.

Heu quando ægrescunt præcordia faucia, Daphni,

Quî, quæso, digiti poterunt, vel canna valere?

DAPHNIS.

Quæ tua corda (malum!) pestis nunc occupat, Alcon?

Qui nuper summis æqualis honore canendi,

Pasto-

And wont to make the jolly Shepheards glad,
With piping and dauncing did passe the rest.

PERIGOT.

Ah, *Willy*, now I have learned a new Daunce :
My old Musick marde by a new Mischaunce.

WILLY.

Mischiefe mought to that Mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft us of our Merriment :
But rede me, what Pain doth thee so appall ?
Or lovest thou, or been thy Younglings miswent ?

PERIGOT.

Love hath misled both my Younglings and me :
I pine for Pain, and they my Plaint to see.

WILLY.

Perdie, and wele away: ill may they thrive :
Never knew I Lovers Sheep in good Plight ;
But and if Rimes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond Fantasies shall soon be put to Flight.

PERIGOT.

That shall I do, though mochel worse I fared :
Never shall be said that *Perigot* was dared.

WILLY.

Pastorúmque tuis mulcebas versibus aures;

Et choreis, cannâque alios anteire solebas?

ALCON.

Ah, alias didici infelix agitare choreas,

Et stupefacta novo obmutescit Musica casu.

DAPHNIS.

Dii perdant illum, te semper sospite, casum,

Quisquis sic miseris invidit gaudia nobis:

Verùm age, pande, coquit tua quæ præcordia cura?

Nunquid amas? foetúsve tibi periére tenelli?

ALCON.

Perdedit unus Amor pecudem, pecudísque magistrum,

Curâ ego languesco, tabescit & illa videndo.

DAPHNIS.

Dispereat per Pana pecus, pecudísque magister;

Fortunatum unquam quis novit amantis ovile?

Quòd si fortè libet mecum certare canendo,

Infano has fatuas dispellam pectore curas.

ALCON.

Hoc facerem, licèt & gravior mihi pectoris æstus;

Alconem vivum nemo unquam impune laceffit.

DAPHNIS

WILLY.

Then loe, *Perigot*, the Pledge which I plight:

A Mazer ywrought of the Maple Ware,

Wherein is enchas'd many a fair Sight

Of Beares and Tygers that maken fierce Warre,

And over them spred a goodly wild Vine,

Entrailed with a wanton Ivie Twine.

Therby is a Lamb in the Wolves Jawes;

But see! how fast renneth the Shepheards Swain,

To save the Innocent from the Beasts Pawes:

And here with his Sheephooke hath him slain.

Tell me, such a Cup hast thou ever seen?

Well mought it beseem any Harvest Queen.

. PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lamb,

Of all my Flock there nis like another:

For I brought him up without the Damb;

But *Colin-Clout* raft me of his Brother,

That he purchast of me in the plain Field,

Sore against my will was I forst to yeeld.

WILLY.

Siker make little Account of his Brother.

But

DAPHNIS.

En igitur tecum libeat quod ponere pignus,
 Cantharus est, trunco scitè fabricatus acerno;
 En insculpta vides facili quàm plurima cœlo,
 Pugnantésque urfos, tygridésque in tela ruentes!
 Hos labrusca super sinuosis flexibus errat
 Lascivis hederæ passim intertexta corymbis.

Juxta hæc ecce lupi mediis in faucibus agnus:
 Sed viden' ut volucris raptim pede pastor anhelus
 Advolat, infontem media ut de morte reducat?
 Hic fera fixa pedo jacet, amittitque rapinam.
 Dic mihi, num talis visus tibi cantharus unquam?
 Hoc poterit ferri Galatææ, aut Phillidi donum.

ALCON.

Huic ego tam mirè maculosum oppigneror agnum,
 Illum ipsum, qualem in toto grege cernere non est,
 Quém mox à partu surreptum à matre fovebam
 In tectis, sed fratre hujus jam gaudet Alexis.
 Hunc mihi præripuit cantûs certamine victor;
 Nam, licèt invitus, cogebar reddere pignus.

DAPHNIS.

Nè dubites, eadem fortuna expectat utrosque;

But who shall judge the Wager wonne or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shal yonder Heardgroome, and none other,
Which over the Pouffe hitherward doth post.

WILLY.

But for the Sunne-beame so fore doth us beate,
Were not better to shunne the parching Heate?

PERIGOT,

Well agreed, *Willy*, then sit thee down Swain:
Sike a Song never heardest thou, but *Colin* sing.

CUDDY.

Ginne, when ye list, ye jolly Shepheards twaine:
Sike a Judge as *Cuddy*, were for a King.

Per. **I**T fell upon a holy Eve,

Wil. **I** Hey ho, Holyday,

Per. When holy Fathers wont to thrive:

Wil. Now ginneth this Roundelay,

Per. Sitting upon a Hill so hie,

Wil. Heigh ho, the high Hill,

Per. The while my Flock did feed thereby,

Wil. / The while Shepheards felse did spill:

Per.

Sed quis erit nobis certaminis arbiter hujus?

ALCON.

Ille erit upilio certaminis arbiter, ille,

Ad nos qui gressu fertur per pisa citato.

DAPHNIS.

Sed cùm Sol summus radiis sic torret anhelos,

Annon præstiterit rapidos vitare calores?

ALCON.

Convenit hoc igitur, confidas gramine, pastor,

Nil tale audisti, nisi quod cantavit Alexis.

DAMON.

Cùm libet, incipias lepidos, par nobile, cantus;

Ultrò certarent tali sub judice reges.

Alc. **E** Venit casu quondam mihi luce profestâ,

Dap. Io vix festa profesta !

Alc. Cùm sancti vivo lustrant se flumine patres,

Dap. Fausto incipit omine carmen.

Alc. Sole sub aprico celsâ dum rupe sedebam,

Dap. Io nimis ardua rupes !

Alc. Dum pecus interea viridantia gramina carpit,

Dap. Pecudis perit ipse magister.

Per. I saw the bouncing Bellybon,

Wil. Hey ho, Bonibell,

Per. Tripping over the Dale alone,

Wil. She can trip it very well,

Per. Well decked in a Frocke of gray,

Wil. Hey ho, gray is greet,

Per. And in a Kirtle of greene Say,

Wil. The green is for Maydens meet.

Per. A Chaplet on her Head she wore,

Wil. Hey ho, Chapelet,

Per. Of sweet Violets therein was store,

Wil. She sweeter than the Violet.

Per. My Sheep did leave their wonted Food,

Wil. Hey ho, feelie Sheep,

Per. And gaz'd on her as they were Wood,

Wil. Wood as he that did them keep,

Per. As the Bonnilaffe passed by,

Wil. Hey ho, Bonnilaffe,

Per. She royde at me with glauncing Eye,

Wil. As clear as the chryftall Glasse:

Per. All as the funny Beame so bright,

Wil. Hey ho, the Sunne Beame,

Per.

Alc. Auricomam vidi vultu radiante puellam,

Dap. Io radiofa puella!

Alc. Sola tulit gressus per vallis amœna citatos,

Dap. Bello ciet impete gressus.

Alc. Canenti niveos artus circumdata pallâ,

Dap. Io lachrymosus amictus!

Alc. Sic viride obduxit canentia pallia peplum,

Dap. Castæ color ille puellæ.

Alc. Textilis huic formosa umbraverat ora corolla,

Dap. Io gravis umbra corollæ!

Alc. Suavibus hæc violis pulchrè intertexta nitebat,

Dap. Violis ea suavior ipsis.

Alc. En grex affûetum fastidiit illicò gramen,

Dap. Io grex ille misellus!

Alc. Atque instar rabidi vultus defigit in illam

Dap. Rabidi instar nempe magistri.

Alc. Transiit ut pecudes virgo pulcherrima nostras,

Dap. Io pulcherrima virgo!

Alc. Obliquus quàm vafre in me vibratur ocellus!

Dap. Crystallo purior ipso.

Alc. Scilicet ut radius rutila de lampade solis,

Dap. Io Phœbeius ignis!

Per. Glaunceth from *Phæbus* Face forthwright,

Wil. So Love into thy Heart did streame:

Per. Or as the Thunder cleaves the Cloudes,

Wil. Hey ho, the Thunder,

Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,

Wil. So cleaves thy Soule afunder:

Per. Or as Dame *Cynthia's* silver Ray,

Wil. Hey ho, the Moone Light,

Per. Upon the glittering Wave doth play:

Wil. Such play is a pittious Plight.

Per. The Glaunce into my Heart did glide,

Wil. Hey ho, the Glider;

Per. Therewith my Soule was sharpely gride,

Wil. Such Wounds soon wexen wider.

Per. Hasting to raunch the Arrow out,

Wil. Hey ho, *Perigot*,

Per. I left the Head in my Heart Root:

Wil. It was a desperate Shot.

Per. That it ranckleth aye more and more,

Wil. Hey ho, the Arrow,

Per. Ne can I finde Salve for my Sore:

Wil. Love is a cureless Sorrow.

Per.

Alc. Emicat, & recto jaculatus limite currit.

Dap. Sic vestrum in pectus amores.

Alc. Densasque ut tonitru rumpit penetrabile nubes,

Dap. Io cave tela trifulca !

Alc. Queis involvuntur rutilantes fulminis ignes,

Dap. Sic, sic mens vestra fatiscit.

Alc. Ac veluti formosæ argentea lumina Phœbes,

Dap. Io Titanidos ignes !

Alc. Læta laceffitis ludens crispatur in undis ;

Dap. Sed lusus amoris amarus.

Alc. Ille meum pectus fixit conjectus ocelli ;

Dap. Io conjectus ocelli !

Alc. Trajiciensque animam penetravit adusque medullas ;

Dap. Latè hæc citò vulnera serpunt.

Alc. Eruere hinc properans imo de vulnere telum,

Dap. Io insanabilis Alcon !

Alc. Infixum penito ferrum sub corde reliqui ;

Dap. Nimium penetrabile ferrum.

Alc. Sic magis, & magis intactos irrepit in artus ;

Dap. Io virofa sagitta !

Alc. Nec Morbus medicâ noster superandus ab arte :

Dap. Amor insuperabile monstrum.

Per. And though my Bale with Death I bought,

Wil. Hey ho, heavy Cheare,

Per. Yet should thilke Lasse not from my Thought:

Wil. So you may buy Gold too deare.

Per. But whether in painfull Love I pine,

Wil. Hey ho, pinching Paine!

Per. Or thrive in Wealth, she shall be mine.

Wil. But if thou can her obtain.

Per. And if for graceless Griefe I die,

Wil. Hey hoe, graceless Grief!

Per. Witnesse, she flue me with her Eye,

Wil. Let thy Folly be the Priefe.

Per. And you that saw it, simple Sheep,

Wil. Hey ho, the fair Flock!

Per. For Priefe thereof, my Death shall weep,

Wil. And mone with many a Mock.

Per. So learn'd I Love on a holy Eve,

Wil. Hey ho, Holy Day!

Per. That ever since my Heart did grieve.

Wil. Now endeth our Roundelay.

CUDDY.

Siker, like a Roundle never heard I none,

Little

Alc. Has quoque morte meâ quamvis mox emero curas,

Dap. Io corda anxia curis !

Alc. Illa meo nunquam labetur pectore virgo ;

Dap. Magnò sic emeris aurum.

Alc. Sive dolorifero tabescam exesus amore,

Dap. Io malè morbus acutus !

Alc. Ditescámve, isthæc mea tempus in omne futura est.

Dap. Sed si tamen annuat illa.

Alc. Quòd si me Stygiis mittat dolor improbus undis,

Dap. Io dolor improbus ille !

Alc. Testere occifum radiis illius ocelli ;

Dap. Rabies tua fit tibi testis.

Alc. Quæque hoc spectâsti, fraudis pecus infcia casus,

Dap. Io pecus infcia fraudis !

Alc. Ut testis facti domini non funera plangas,

Dap. Crebro exagitanda cachinno.

Alc. Sic, sic illaqueatus amore ego luce profestâ,

Dap. Io vix fausta profesta !

Alc. Semper adhuc rabidis gero pectora faucia curis.

Dap. Modulos sic termino nostros.

DAMON.

Tale meas nunquam pervenit carmen ad aures ;

Pauxillum

Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best;
 And *Willy* is not greatly over-gone,
 So weren his under-songs well addrest.

WILLY.

Heardgroome, I feare me, thou have a squint Eye,
 Areede uprightly, who has the Victory?

CUDDY.

Faith of my Soule, I deeme each have gained.
 For thy, let the Lambe be *Willy* his owne:
 And for *Perigot* so well hath him pained,
 To him be the wrought Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

Perigot is well pleased with the Doome,
 Ne can *Willy* wite the witeless Heardgroome.

WILLY.

Never dempt more Right of Beauty, I weene,
 The Shepheard of *Ida*, that judg'd Beauties Queen.

CUDDY.

But tell me Shepheards, should it not yfhend
 Your Roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull Verse
 Of *Rosalind* (who knows not *Rosalind*?)
 That *Colin* made? ylke can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.

Pauxillum à summis noster prævertitur Alcon.

Nec Daphnis multum concedit honore canendi;

Tam lepidè socias inter modulatur avenas!

DAPHNIS.

Ah! vereor nè sis distorto lumine iudex,

Hem cedò iudicium, maneat quem palma canendi?

DAMON.

Ambo pares, ambo summi, pol vincitis ambo,

Qui pecus Alconis fuerat, sit Daphnidis agnus;

Quodque modò tales modulos contexuit Alcon,

Cantharus Alconi cedat, qui Daphnidis antè.

ALCON.

Alconi arridet sententia iudicis æqua,

Nec potis est illam meritò reprehendere Daphnis.

DAPHNIS.

Non magis æqua Phrygis sententia iudicis olim,

Inter formosas dederat quum Cypridi palmam.

DAMON.

Dicite pastores, teretes non raderet aures,

Post molles numeros lugubre & flebile carmen,

Phyllida quod queritur (cui non sat cognita Phyllis?)

Nobile Alexis opus, memori quod pectore promam?

ALCON.

PERIGOT.

Now say it, *Cuddy*, as thou art a Ladde:
With merry Things its good to meddle fad.

WILLY.

Faith of my Soule, thou shalt ycrowned be,
In *Colin's* steed, if thou this Song agreed;
For never Thing on Earth so pleased me,
As him to hear, or Matter of his Deed.

CUDDY.

Then listen each unto my heavy Lay,
And tune your Pipes as ruthfull as yee may.

YE wastfull Woods bear Witnes of my Woe,
Wherein my Plaints did oftentimes resound;
Yee careless Birds are privy to my Cryes,
Which in your Songs were wont to make apart;
Thou pleasant Spring hast lulde me oft asleepe,
Whose Streams my trickling Tears did oft augment.
Refort of People doth my Griefs augment,
The walled Towns do work my greater Woe;
The Forrest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Eccho of my carefull Cryes:

I hate

ALCON.

Dic igitur, Damon, sic semper læta Juventus

Sit tibi ; triste aliquid juvat intertexere lætis.

DAPHNIS.

Hercle si nobis carmen recitaveris illud,

Mox lauro cingere, vicemque subibis Alexis.

Nil etenim nostras sic unquam mulserit aures,

Quàm modulùm artificis vox viva, aut carmen Alexis.

DAMON.

Cedat uterque igitur patulas lugubribus aures

Planctibus, & nostris calamos attemperet odis.

O Vastæ, ô nostro planctu lugubre sonoræ
Sylvæ, vos nostræ testes estote ruinæ,

Tu volucrum secura cohors es conscia nostri

Clamoris, toties querulæ admodulata cicutæ.

Limpide fons, lachrymis à me stillantibus aucte,

Somnifero vigiles domuisti murmure curas ;

Accendit rabidos mihi conflua turba dolores,

Fervescuntque magis populosis urbibus æstus,

Planctibus & nostris magis est accommoda sylvæ,

Sylvæ percussas docilis geminare querelas.

Horreo

I hate the House, since thence my Love did part,
 Whose wailefull Want debars mine Eyes of Sleep.
 Let Streams of Tears supply the Place of Sleep;
 Let all that sweet is, voyd; and all that may augment
 My Dole, draw near. More meet to wail my Woe,
 Beene the wild Woods, my Sorrows to resound,
 Then Bed nor Bowre, both which I fill with Cryes,
 When I them see so waste, and find no part
 Of Pleasure past. Heere will I dwell apart
 In gaitfull Groves therefore, till my last Sleep
 Do close mine Eyes; so shall I not augment,
 With Sight of such as change, my restless Woe.
 Help me, yee baneful Birds, whose shrieking Sound
 Is Signe of dreary Death, my deadly Cryes
 Most ruthfully to tune. And as my Cryes
 (Which of my Woe cannot bewray least Part)
 You heare all Night, when Nature craveth Sleep,
 Increase, so let your irkesome Yelles augment.
 Thus all the Nights in Plaints, the Day in Woe
 I vowed have to waste, till safe and found
 She home return, whose Voyces silver Sound
 To cheerfull Songs can change my cheerless Cryes.

Hence,

Horreo tectum ipsum, postquam hinc mea vita recessit;
 A cujus discessu oculis sopor exulat iste,
 Inque locum pulsi succedit lachryma somni.
 Omnia amœna procul sint, quodque augere dolores
 Insanos valet, accedat; magis hospita grata
 Sylva, resultantes reboet quæ consona planctus,
 Quàm lectus, quàmque umbra domûs: hæc irrigo fletu
 Cùm nuda intueor, penitusque prioribus Orba
 Deliciis; ergo hâc habitabo sede remotus,
 Ferali luco abstrusus, dum claudat ocellos
 Summa quies fessos; sic non augebo meorum
 Aspectu infelix carituros sine dolores.
 Infaustæ volucres, quarum vox stridula cantus
 Feralis mortis funestum creditur omen,
 Ter lugubre præite mihi melos, utque querelæ
 (Quas minimam luctûs nequeunt promere partem,
 Per noctes auditis in ipso tempore somni)
 Crescunt, invisos sic ingeminate ululatus.
 Sic lentos mœrore dies, noctesque querelis
 Stat lassare meis, dum salva, illæsaque nobis
 Illa domum redeat, cujus vox aurea lætis
 Mutabit modulis hoc illætabile carmen.

Hinc

Hence, with the Nightingale, will I take Part,
 That blessed Bird, that spends her Time of Sleep
 In Songs and plaintive Pleas, the more t'augment
 The Memory of his Misdeed, that bred her Woe.
 And you that feeble no Woe, when as the Sound
 Of these my nightly Cries ye hear apart,
 Let break your sounder Sleep, and Pity augment.

PERIGOT.

O Colin, Colin, the Shepherds Joy,
 How I admire each turning of thy Verse:
 And Cuddy, fresh Cuddy, the liefest Boy,
 How dolefully his Dole thou didst rehearse!

CUDDY.

Then blow your Pipes Shepherds, till you be at home;
 The Night higheth fast, it's time to be gone,

SEPTEMBER.

Hinc nostra alterno certabit fistula flatu
 Carminibus, Philomela, tuis ; tu fausta volucrum
 Somniferas querulis quæ impendis cantibus horas,
 Tereos ut memorem celebrentur fata per orbem.
 Vosque mali immunes istius, quando seorsim
 Nostros auditis clamores noctis in umbrâ,
 Altus rumpatur sopor, & miserescite nostri.

ALCON.

Doctifone, ô meritò pastorum gaudia, Alexi,
 Concinnam ut vestro structuram in carmine miror !
 Tuque puer pueris præ cunctis, vivide Damon,
 Lugubri ut tristes animâsti voce querelas !

DAMON.

Quin igitur calamis reditum celebrate canoris,
 Humida nox properat, monet hinc nos hora reverti.

S E P T E M B E R.

M

S E P T E M B E R.

The Ninth Æ G L O G U E.

The ARGUMENT.

Diggon Davie, a Shepherd, complains to his Friend Hobbinol, of the Streights to which he was brought by travelling into a far Countrey, in hopes of Advantage ; and describes the deceitful, and profligate Lives of the Shepherds he had seen, and the wretched Conditions of their Flocks.

This Æglogue is full of Satyr, as in the Fifth and Seventh, on the Vices of bad Shepherds. The Author has chosen to write it in an older Language than the rest, and with a Sprinkling of the Welsh Dialect. It is probable he had some private Reason for it, and that under fictitious Names were represented real Persons.

HOBBINOL.

DIGGON.

HOBBINOL.

Diggon Davie, I bid her God Day :
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was Day Light,
But now her is a most wretched Wight ;

For

September



P. Pourdrinier sculp.

Lycor
pia
reg
per
iti
sta
plo
In ha
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eto
D
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est
ni

E

Ipsa
Heu

S E P T E M B E R.

Æ G L O G A Nona.

ARGUMENTUM.

Lycormas Pastor, Mopso amico suo conqueritur de inopiâ ad quam redactus erat, eo quòd, spe lucri, in regionem remotam iter fecerat; deinde subdolum & perditum vivendi morem illorum Pastorum, quos in itinere suo conspexerat, describit; enarrat denique statum pecudis, cui præessent, nunquam satis deplorandum.

In hac Æglogâ, cum Quintâ pariter ac Septimâ, malorum Pastorum vitia Poeta graviter insectatur. Auctori nostro placuit, linguâ magis obsoletâ eam donare, Dialecto etiam Cambro-Britannicâ aliquibus in locis interspersâ; ob quam rationem prorsus incertum est. Credibile autem est, sub fictis pastorum nominibus, reverà personas repræsentari.

MOPSUS.

LYCORMAS.

MOPSUS.

EUge laboriferum jubeo salvere Lycormam.
An ludunt oculi me, an verus es ipse Lycormas?

LYCORMAS.

Ipse fui, dum nostra dies illuxit ab alto,
Heu brevis illa! at nunc infelicissimus erro;

M 2

Namque

For Day that was, is wightly past,
And now at last the dark Night doth hast.

HOBBINOL.

Diggon, areede who has thee so dight ?
Never I wist thee in so poor a plight.
Where is the fair Flock thou wast wont to lead ?
Or bin they chaffred ? or at Mischief dead ?

DIGGON.

Ah for love of that, is to thee most leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gal not my old Greef,
Sike Question reapeth up cause of new owe ;
For one opened mote unfold many moe.

HOBBINOL.

Nay, but Sorrow close shrowded in Hart,
I know, to keep is a burdenous smart.
Each Thing imparted, is more eath to bear :
When the Rain is fallen, the Clouds wex clear.
And now sithence I saw thy Head last,
Twice three Moons been fully spent and past ;
Since when thou hast measured much Ground,
And wandred weele about the World round,
So as thou can many things relate ;

Namque improvisò misero lux occidit omnis,
Inque simul gressu nox ingruit atra citato.

MOPSUS.

Dic mihi, dic quis te statuit casúsve, deúsve
Tam miserum? nunquam extremæ sic fortis egenum
Te memini, quo grex te olim ductore superbus:
Absorptúsne lue? an passim venalis abivit?

LYCORMAS,

Per quicquid summè charum, per quicquid amicum,
Obductum nè, Mopse, precor, refricaveris ulcus.
Numque hæc scitando rupta est recutita cicatrix,
Explicat & feriem clades hæc prodita longam.

MOPSUS.

Sed suppuratam tabentis pectoris ulcus
Æstuat, & cæcâ carpit præcordia flammâ.
Sarcina fit levior sociâ cervice recepta,
Luridâque egesto clarescunt nubila rore.
Nunc etiam ter tres Phœbe recrevit in orbes,
Ex quo vestra meis facies occurrit ocellis;
Dum multum terræ permenfus mobilis hospes
Penè peragrâsti totum circumvagus orbem,
Ut jam de variis sermones texere rebus

But tell me first of thy Flocks Estate.

DIGGON.

My sheep bin wafted, (wo is me therefore)

The jolly Shepheard that was of yore,

Is now not jolly, nor Shepheard more.

In foreign Coasts, Men said, was plenty,

And so there is, but all of Misery.

I dempt there much to have eeked my Store,

But such eeking hath made my Heart sore.

In the Countries where I have been,

No being for those that truly mean ;

But as for such as of guile maken Gaine,

No such Countrey as there to remain.

They fetten to sale their Shops of Shame,

And maken a Market of their good Name,

The Shepheards there robben one another,

And layen Baits to beguile her Brother.

Or they wil buy his Sheep forth of the Cote,

Or they will carven the Shepheards Throte.

The Shepheards Swain you cannot well ken,

But it be by his Pride, from other Men :

They looken big, as Bulls that been bate,

And

Possis : at Pecudum fortunam pande tuarum.

LYCORMAS.

Disperiit pecus, ah miserabilis indè Lycormas,

Quique gregis lætus modò dicerer esse magister,

Non lætus, pecoris non ampliùs ipse magister :

Externis oris plenissima copia vulgo

Creditur esse : liquet ; plenissima copia cladun.

Sperabam tenuis mihi summam augere peculì,

Auctio at hæc auxit furiato in corde dolores.

His oris, quas nuper ego peregrinus adivi,

Simplicibus non est & apertis commoda sedes.

At siqui occultâ callent opulescere fraude,

Nulla patet totum felicior ora per orbem.

Prostituunt venalem (ô tempora dira) pudorem,

Vilis fama probi parvo mercabilis ære.

Et latrocinia hîc exercet mutua pastor,

Clam fatagens cæcas vicino neſtere fraudes.

Aut emet è fociis pastor mapalibus agnos,

Aut jugulum incauti ſtriſto mucrone reſolveth.

Nec tu pastorem poteris dignoſcere plebi

Immiſtum, niſi quòd ſit paulo elatior illis ;

Utque boves latratu agitati, torva tuetur,

And bearen the Cragge so stiffe and so state,
As Cock on his Dunghill crowing crank.

HOBBINOL.

Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stank,
That unneth may I stand any more.
And now the Western Wind bloweth fore,
That is in his chiefe Soveraigntee,
Beating the withered Leaf from the Tree.
Sit we down here under the Hill,
Tho may we talk, and tellen our fill,
And make a mock at the bluftring Blast:
Now say on, *Diggon*, what ever thou hast.

DIGGON.

Hobbin, ah *Hobbin*, I curse the stound,
That ever I cast to have lorne this Ground,
Wele-away, the while I was so fond,
To leave the good, that I had in Hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth;
So lost the Dog the Flesh in his Mouth.
My feely Sheep (ah feely Sheep)
That hereby there I whilome us'd to keep,
All were they lusty, as thou diddest see,

Been

Et rigidâ semper cervice incedere gaudet,

Ut gallus gressu terram libante supinus.

MOPSUS.

En ego sic rigeo, sic torpeo, fide Lycorma,

Ut glacie stupidis vix possim insistere plantis.

Tam rigidum Australi Corus bacchatur ab axe,

Per tempus sibi concessâ dominatus in æthrâ,

Flaccida dum folia exuccis deverberat ulmis.

Quin age, dumoso abstrusi sub colle sedemus,

Fallere lentigradas variis sermonibus horas

Possumus hîc, ventique minas ridere furentis.

Nunc age siquid habes, ausculto, fare Lycorma.

LYCORMAS.

Eheu ! Mopse, illam diris atrocibus horam

Devoveo, statui quâ primùm hos linquere colles.

Eheu ! quæ mentem implicuit vecordia nostram

Pressâ clausa manu, qui commoda certa reliqui

Ignoti demens lucris spe pastus inani ?

Sic canis amisit carnem, captaret ut umbram.

Nostra misella pecus, pecus (eheu) nostra misella,

Quam juxta hâc illacque modò pavisse solebam,

Læta licet nuper (nostri satis ipse) vigebat,

Deficiente

Been all starved with Pine and Penury.

Hardly my self escaped thilke Paine,

Driven for need to come Home againe.

HOBBINOL.

Ah Fon, now by thy Loss art taught,

That seldom Change the better brought.

Content who lives with tryed State,

Need fear no Change of frowning Fate.

But who will seek for unknown Gain,

Oft lives by Loss, and leaves with pain.

DIGGON.

I wrote ne, *Hobbin*, how I was bewicht,

With vain Desire, and Hope to be enricht.

But fiker so it is, as the bright Starre

Seemeth a greater, when it is farre.

I thought the Soil would have made me rich ;

But now I wote it is nothing sich.

For either the Shepheards been idle and still,

And led of their Sheep what way they will :

Or they been false, and full of Covetise,

And casten to compass many wrong Emprise,

But more been fraught with Fraud and Spight,

Ne

Deficiente cibo jam concidit omnis ad unam.

Vix & ego reliquus tantâ de clade superfum,

Summâ paupertate retrò dare vela coactus.

MOPSUS.

Ah demens propriis nunc tandem edocte periclis,

Quàm fert rarò ullum fortis mutatio lucrum !

Contentus quicumque statu vixisse probato,

Non rerum timet ille vices, fortemve minantem.

Quisquis at ignotum gestit captare lucellum,

Jaeturis conflictatur, victusque fatiscit.

LYCORMAS.

Quæ me intemperies, quæve exagitavit Erinny,

Cùm spe præsumpsi lucrum, votoque caduco?

Sic, sic evenit : stellæ sic aurea lampas

Apparet, quanto fuerit magè diffita, major.

Illâ sperabam subitò ditescere terrâ,

Sed nil (dura nimis docet experientia) tale est :

Est etenim pastor focors, nimiùmque supinus,

Et pecoris ductum sequitur quocunque vocârit,

Vel vafer, infano vel amore incensus habendi,

Illicitasque imo molitur pectore fraudes,

Omnigenis foetusque dolis, odiisque veneno

Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight ;
 But kindle Coales of Contecke and Ire,
 Wherewith they fet all the World on fire :
 Which when they thincken again to quench,
 With holy Water they doen hem all drench.
 They say thay con to Heaven the high Way ;
 But by my Soule I dare underfay,
 They never fet Foot in that same Rode ;
 But balke the right Way, and strayen abroad.
 They boast they han the Devill at Commaund ;
 But ask them therefore what they have paund ?
 Marry, that great *Pan* bought with great Borrow,
 To quite it from the black Hower of Sorrow.
 But they han fold thilke same long agoe ;
 For they would draw with them many moe.
 But let them gang alone a Gods Name ;
 As they han brewed, so let them bear Blame.

HOBBINOL.

Diggon, I pray thee speak not so dirke,
 Such Myfter faying me seemeth to mirke.

DIGGON.

Then plainly to speake of Shepheards most what ;

Bad

Turgescens nunquam generoso gaudet honesto.
 Sed litisque, iræque faces malè sedulus usquam
 Ventilat, & per totum incendia concitat urbem ;
 Quæ rursus quando restinguere nititur (orbi
 Vanus) circumfert fatuè lustralibus undis.
 Quodque etiam ad superos nôrit compendia cœlos,
 Ventosus jactat ; tamen attestarier ausim,
 Hunc nunquam fixisse illo vestigia clivo,
 Ast errabundum ferri per trita viarum.
 Imperiôque suo quod subdita Tartara parent
 Jactat, sed quidnam (scitêre) oppignerat illis ?
 Scilicet, id quod Pan tanto sudore paravit,
 Liberet ut rabidis immitis faucibus Orci.
 Pastorum malefida cohors hoc vendidit ipsum
 Jampridem, quæritque aliis commercia culpæ
 Jungere, sed finite ut nulli comitabilis erret,
 Et quæ miscuerit feralia pocula ficcet.

MOPSUS.

Nè, quæso, nè tam tenebrosa loquare, Lycorma,
 Abstrusa involvis nimiâ caligine dicta.

LYCORMAS.

Ergo, sublato, ut dicam quod sentio, velo,

Illic

Bad is the best (this English is flat)
 Their ill Haviour garres Men missay,
 Both of their Doctrine and their Fay.
 They say the World is much warre then it woont,
 All for Shepheards is beastly and bloont.
 Others saine, but how truly I note,
 All for they holden Shame of their Cote.
 Some sticke not to say (hote Cole on her Tongue)
 That like Mischiefe grafeth hem emong,
 All for they casten too much of the World's Care,
 To decke her Dame, and enrich her Heyre.
 For such encheason, if you go nie,
 Few Chemneys reeken you shall espie;
 The fat Oxe that wont ligge in the Stall,
 Is now fast stalled in her Crumenall.
 Thus chatten the People in their steads,
 Ylike as a Monster of many Heads.
 But they that shooten neereft the Prick,
 Saine, other the fat from their Birds do lick.
 For bigge Bulls of *Basan* brace him about;
 That with their Hornes batten the more stout;
 But the lean Soules treaden under Foot:

And

Illic quisque malus pastor, vel qui optimus audit ;
 Nam quòd se malè quisque gerit fat præbuit ansæ
 Plerisque, infamem ut vitam monitúsque rependant ;
 Exclamant omnes in pejus serpere cuncta,
 Pastore in pecudem jam degenerante supinam ;
 Affirmant alii, sed non hoc assero verum,
 Quod cœpit puduisse pedi, tritæque lacernæ.
 Hic dixisse audet (pereat radicitùs illa
 Lingua precor) mala pastores grassarier inter,
 Quòd nimium vili torquent sua pectora curâ,
 Cultior ut sit sponsa æquo, locupletior hæres.
 Hinc est ut raros (si fortè accesseris illuc)
 Spirantes videas fumo exiliente caminos ;
 Bosque faginatus stabulo requiescere fuetus
 Æternùm fixus loculo stabulatur herili.
 Garrit sic de illis inter se futile vulgus,
 Futile tercentum capitum fera bellua vulgus.
 Inque scopum meliùs qui collimaverat hujus
 Eripuisse bolos alium de faucibus, inquit ;
 Namque faginato circumstant agmine tauri
 Immanes, cornúque petunt graviore potentes,
 Et pedibus pressos ingenti mole minores

And to seek Redress mought little boot :
 For liker been they to pluck away more,
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
 For they been like foul Wagmoires overgraft,
 That if thy Galage once sticketh fast,
 The more to winde it out thou doest swinke,
 Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinke.
 Yet better leave off with a little Loss,
 Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

HOBBINOL.

Now, *Diggon*, I see thou speakest too plain ;
 Better it were a little to faine,
 And cleanly cover that cannot be cured.
 Such ill as is forced, mought needs be endured.
 But of like Pastors how done the Flocks creep ?

DIGGON.

Sike as the Shepheards, sike been her Sheepe ;
 For they nill listen to the Shepheards Voyce :
 But if he call hem, at their good Choyce,
 They wander at will, and stay at pleasure,
 And to their Folds yeade at their own Leasure.
 But they had be better come at their Call,

For

Elidunt, frustrâque mali medicina petetur;
 Nempe magis prompti plus extorquere querenti
 Quàm quicquam raptæ rursus dimittere prædæ.
 Stagnat limicolâ ut cœnosa vorago sub ulvâ,
 Cujus fortè luto si illisus calceus hæret
 Implicitus, quanto magis explicuisse laboras,
 Tanto pressa magis sorbet vestigia gurgēs.
 Ergo cum parvo satius desistere damno,
 Quàm nimis obnixè luctando perdere totum.

MOPSUS.

Perpicuè nimiùm, nimiùm reprehendis apertè;
 Dextrè dissimulâsse reor consultius, arte
 Obvolvissè malum, quod non medicabile ab arte.
 Æquâ mente feras, quicquid te ferre necesse est.
 At sôdes, ut habet talis se cura magistri?

LYCORMAS.

Qualis ei Pastor, totus grex talis ad unguem;
 Pastoris vocem docili non percipit aure:
 Cùm sibi collibitum non sit, si fortè vocârit,
 Liber ad arbitrium manet hîc, hîc liber oberrat,
 Pro libitûque suo repetit securus ovile.
 At sibi consuleret meliùs, si ad jussâ magistræ

For many han untō Mischiefe fall,
 And been of ravenous Wolves yrent,
 All for theyould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOL.

Fie on thee, *Diggon*, and all thy foule Leasing,
 Well is knowne, that since the *Saxon* King,
 Never was Woolfe seene, many nor some,
 Nor in all *Kent*, nor in Christendome.
 But the fewer Wolves (the sooth to faine)
 The more been the Foxes that heere remaine.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
 And with Sheeps Clothing doen hem disguise.
 They talke not widely as they were woont,
 For Feare of Raungers, and the great Hoont:
 But privily prolling to and fro,
 Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOBBINOL.

Or privie or pert, if any bin,
 We have great Bandogs will tear their Skin.

DIGGON.

Indeed thy *Ball* is a bold bigge Cur,

And

Vocis se reget; nunc summa pericula præceps
 Incurrit, rabiémque lupi, pastoris amicas
 Quòd voces furdâ præfractus respuit aure.

MOPSUS.

Ocyùs hinc tecum & mendacia vana faceffant;
 Post sceptrum Edgari, fat fama innotuit orbi,
 Nullum ululâsse lupum, quâ dives Cantia vernat,
 Nec quâ Chrificolùm floret gens læta piorum.
 Sed (verum ut dicam) nostris quo rarior oris
 Vis rabiofa lupi, vulpina frequentior est fraus.

LYCORMAS.

Estque etiam lupo his, quamvis fit tectior, oris,
 Velleréque agnino passim tunicatus oberrat.
 Non jam luce palam, sic mos increbuit olim,
 Graffatur metuenda illi venatica turba:
 Sed clandestino nocturnus obambulat agros
 Gressu, nè luci fallax persona notescat.

MOPSUS.

Quòd si larvatus, nudúsque appareat usquam,
 Sunt nobis acres lanient qui terga molossi.

LYCORMAS.

Pœmenis ille tuus canis est animosus, & audax,

And could make a jolly Hole in their Fur :
 But not good Dogs hem needeth to chafe,
 But heedy Shepheards to discerne their Face;
 For all their Craft is in their Countenaunce,
 They been so grave, and full of Maintenaunce.
 But shall I tell thee what my self know,
 Chaunced to *Roffin* not long ygoe?

HOBBINOL.

Say it out, *Diggon*, whatever it hight,
 For not but well mought him betight.
 He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
 And with his Word his Worke is convenable.
Collin Clout I weene be his selfe Boy,
 (Ah for *Colin*, he whilome my Joy)
 Shepheards sich, God mought us many send,
 That doen so carefully their Flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilke fame Shepheard mought I well marke:
 He has a Dog to bite or to barke;
 Never had Shepheard so keene a Cur,
 That waketh, and if but a Leaf stir.
 Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,

That

Latâque qui foderet villosa vulnera tergo.
 Sed non tantùm opus est raucùm latrante molosso,
 Quàm cauto pastore, ut dignoscatur ab illo,
 Mentito nam tota latet fallacia vultu ;
 Vultu, inquam, torvâ sic majestate verendo.
 Sed me vísne tibi (facti sum conscius ipse)
 Differere, evenit nostro quid nuper Iolæ?

MOPSUS.

Pergas, nè dubites, quodcunque sit, ede, Lycorma,
 Nil in eum forti credo licuisse sinistrae,
 Sic sapiens est, sic mitis, sic usque benignus,
 Largaque veridicæ conspirat dextera linguæ.
 Ejus & upilio fertur facundus Alexis,
 (Deliciæ ah dudum nostræ facundus Alexis)
 Complures pecorum dederit Pan, oro, magistros,
 Qui tali vigiles tueantur ovilia curâ.

LYCORMAS.

Huic fidus canis est, (aures adverte, docebo)
 Ille lupis morfu metuendus, & ille latratu,
 Tam vigilax custos nulli è pastoribus usquam.
 Nam vibrata levi si frons tremat obvia vento,
 Excussus strepitum levisomnus janitor audit.

That with many a Lamb had glutted his Gulfe,
 And ever at Night wont to repayre
 Unto the Flock, when the Welkin shone faire,
 Yclad in clothing of feely Sheep,
 When the good old Man used to sleep.
 Tho at Midnight he would bark and ball,
 (For he had eft learn'd a Curres Call)
 As if a Wolfe were among the Sheep.
 With that the Shepheard would break his Sleep,
 And fend out *Lowder* (for so his Dogge hote)
 To raunge the Fields with open Throte.
 Tho when as *Lowder* was farre away,
 This wolvishe Sheep would catchen his Prey.
 A Lamb or a Kidde, or a Weanell-Waft;
 With that to the Wood would he speed him fast.
 Long time he used this slippery Pranke,
 Ere *Roffy* could for his Labour him thank.
 At end the Shepheard his Practise spyed,
 (For *Roffy* is wife, and as *Argus* eyed)
 And when at Evening he came to the Flock,
 Fast in their Folds he did them lock;
 And took out the Wolfe in his counterfeit Cote,

Crudivorus nuper lupo huc accedere suetus,
 Ingluviem multo tumidam saturaverat agno:
 Hic caulas primo sub limine noctis adibat,
 Occiduo dubium dum fulget lumine cœlum,
 Exuvias indutus ovis, velamine falso
 Tectus, dum senior modico dat lumina somno.
 Tunc importunus multâ sub nocte latraret
 (Nâmquē usu nôrat vocem simulare caninam)
 Tanquam sollicitum lupo oppugnaret ovile:
 Hinc experrectus, (somnia rumpente latratu)
 Hylæum emittit (sic nempe vocatur) Iolas,
 Rauco vicinos ut gutture perfonet agros;
 At cum Hylæus erat longo provectus in agros
 Excurfu, prædam fera dissimulata petebat,
 Agnum molliculûmve hædum, vitulûmve tenellum;
 Arreptâque citò repetit nemora avia gressu.
 Sæpiùs hac pastorem eluserat arte frementem,
 Nec retulisse vices elusus nôrat Iolas.
 Tandem fallaces paulò vigilantior artes
 Deprêndit (nâmque est oculatus, ut Argus, Iolas)
 Cûmque intra tutum pecudes cogebat ovile
 sedulus opposito firmat magalia vecte,

And let out the Sheep's Blood at his Throte,

HOBBINOL.

Marry *Diggon*, what should him affray,
To take his own where ever it lay?
For had his Weasand been a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and shidder,

DIGGON.

Mischiefe light on him, and God's great Curse,
Too good for him had been a great deale worse.
For it was a perillous Beast above all,
And eke had he cond the Shepheards Call :
And oft in the Night came to the Sheepcote,
And called *Lowder* with a hollow Throte,
As if the old Man's self had been ;
The Dogge his Maisters Voyce did it ween :
Yet halfe in Doubt he opened the Dore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then Thought,
Fast by the Hide the Wolfe *Lowder* caught,
And had not *Roffy* renne to the Steven,

Lowder

Inventumque lupum falso velamine cinctum
 Educit, missóque feræ per guttura ferro,
 Haustum emittebat proprii gregis inde cruorem.

MOPSUS.

Ecquis enim terror prohiberet, quò minús ultrò
 Res proprias, ubicunque fient, sibi vindice dextrâ
 Afferat? huic etenim si paulò latior esset
 Rictus, jamdudum totum exhausisset ovile.

LYCORMAS.

Viscera corvus edax, dirus trahat ilia vultur,
 Nec meritum æquâisset fors, si graviora dedisset.
 Nempe hæc cunctarum teterrima sola ferarum;
 Nam pastoralis (fraus dira!) imitamina vocis
 Absonus edidicit, tum crebro nocte silenti
 Accedens caulas tam raucescente vocabat
 Voce canem, vocem ut jurares esse senilem;
 Hylæúsque etiam jussum credebat herile:
 Sed dubitabundus tamen ostia cardine movit,
 Exiliénsque foras solito pro more ruebat.
 Ut primum exierat, nil suspicionis habentis
 Villoso dentes in tergore bellua fixit;
 Et si non motus strepitu accurrisset Iolas,

Hylæo

Lowder had been slain thilke same Even.

HOBBINOL.

God shield Man, he should so ill have thrive,

All for he did his Devoire belive.

If fike been Wolves, as thou hast told,

How mought we, *Diggon*, hem behold?

DIGGON.

How, but with Heed and Watchfulnesse,

Forstallen hem of their Wiliness?

For they with Shepheards fittes not play,

Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long Day;

But ever liggen in Watch and Ward,

From suddaine Force their Flockes for to gard.

HOBBINOL.

Ah, *Diggon*, thilke same Rule were too straight,

All the cold Season to watch and wayte.

We beene of Flesh, Men as other be;

Why should we be bound to such Miserie?

Whatever thing lacketh changeable Rest,

Mought needs decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah, but *Hobbinol*, all this long Tale

Nought

Hylæo vitæ nox hæc suprema fuisset.

MOPSUS.

Ah vetet, oro, Deus res sic malè cedere cuiquam,
Sedulus officium qui, sed malè cautus, obivit.
Sed si tanta lupi vis, si versutia tanta,
Quomodo ab his tutum præstemus ovile, Lycorma?

LYCORMAS.

Cauta, sagax, solers vigilantia nostra latentes
Discingat ratione dolos, prævertat & artes:
Pastorem vano sua prodigere otia lusu
Non decet, aut somno (mos ut plerisque) diurno.
Invigilet pernox, & perdius excubet usque,
Improvisa suis nequâ vis ingruat agnis.

MOPSUS.

Ah rigida est nimium lex hæc, nimiûmque severa,
Totos (quàm longi sunt) evigilare Decembres.
Carnea massa fumus, quâ cætera turba creati;
Cur tali nobis vivendum forte misellis:
Laxari alternæ vicibus quodcunque quietis
Non solet, in primo marcescat flore necesse est.

LYCORMAS.

Ah mi Mopse, nihil tam longi fabula fili

Atte-

Nought easeth the Care, that doth me forhayle,
 What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
 My pitious Plight and Loffe to amend?
 Ah, good *Hobbinol*, mought I thee pray,
 Of Ayde or Counsell in my Decay.

HOBBINOL.

Now by my Soule, *Diggon*, I lament
 The haples Mischief that has thee hent.
 Nethelss thou seeft my lowly Sayle,
 That froward Fortune doth ever avayle.
 But were *Hobbinol*, as God mought please,
Diggon should soon find Favour and Ease.
 But if to my Cottage thou wilt resort,
 So as I can, I will thee comfort.
 There mayest thou ligge in a vetchy Bed,
 Till fayrer Fortune shew forth his Head.

DIGGON.

Ah *Hobbinol*, God mought it thee requite,
Diggon on few such Friends did ever lite.

Attenuat curam, quæ jam mea pectora rodit.
 Quid faciam? miser insistam quo tramite tandem?
 Quo reparem mea damna modo, rursusque resurgam?
 Ah bone Mopse, licet precibus contendere tecum,
 Sive ope, consiliove meam fulcire ruinam.

MOPSUS.

Per vitamque, oculosque meos deploro, Lycorma,
 Infaustos, tua qui merferunt carbasa, fluctus:
 Scis tamen ut vicina humili lego littora velo,
 Contrahit hoc etiam semper fortuna novercans.
 Quod si respicerent placido me numina vultu,
 Præfens curarum damnique levamen haberes.
 Si verò nostris libeat succedere tectis,
 Solabor, tenuis quantum fert nostra facultas:
 Illic stramineo poteris requiescere lecto,
 Candida dum facili tibi fors arriserit ore.

LYCORMAS.

Ah tibi placati precor hæc Dî, Mopse, rependant!
 Invenit rarò tam pectora fida Lycormas.

O C T O B E R.

The Tenth Æ G L O G U E.

The ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue, which rises above the common Style of Pastoral, is on the Subject of Poetry. Piers commends Cuddy for his Skill in this Art; and Cuddy complains of the little Encouragement given to it. And being prompted by Piers to leave the ordinary Themes of Shepherds, and to chuse some Subjects of Heroick Song, takes Occasion to mention Colin, as best qualify'd for such an Attempt, if his Mind were not perplex'd with unprosperous Love.

PIERS.

CUDDY.

PIERS.

CUDDY, for Shame hold up thy heavy Head,
 And let us cast with what Delight to chace,
 And weary this long lingring *Phæbus* Race.
 Whilom thou wont the Shepherds Lads to leade,
 In Rimes, in Riddles, and in bidding bafe;
 Now they in thee, and thou in Sleep art dead,

CUDDY.

Piers, I have piped earst so long with Pain,

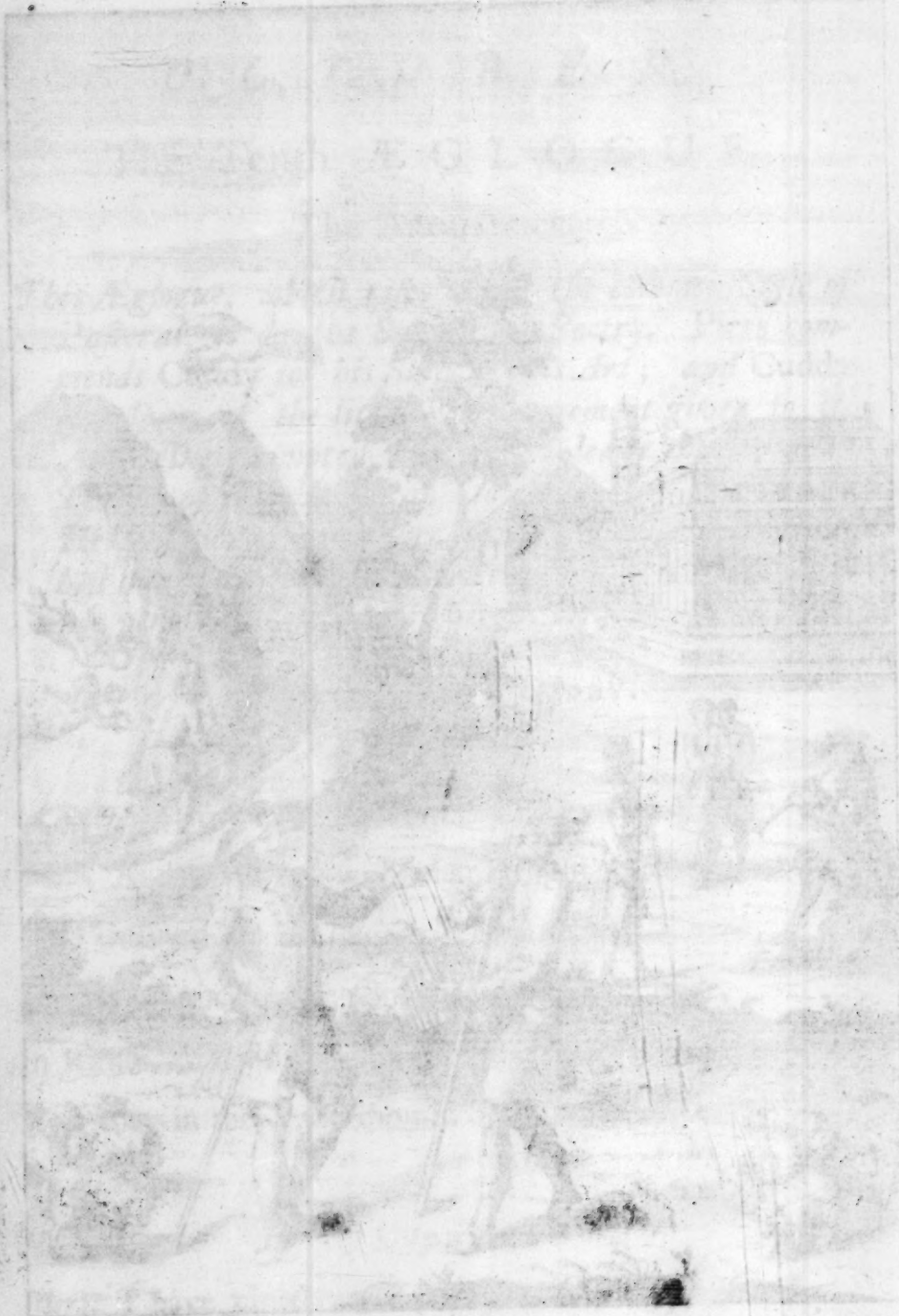
That

October .



F. Fourdrinier Sculp.

October 1900



O C T O B E R.

Æ G L O G A Decima.

ARGUMENTUM.

Hoc carmen, altius carmine Pastorali assurgens, rem Poeticam canit. Faustus Daphnin commendat ob summam suam in carminibus effingendis elegantiam. Daphnis queritur hanc artem sublimem nihili haberi, & incitatur à Fausto, ut versus humiles pastorum deponeret, & ad Heroum gesta celebranda se accingeret. Alexin deinde memorat; utpote qui tanto Operi subeundo par esset, ni animi nimis discruciaretur ob infelicem Phyllidis amorem.

FAUSTUS.

DAPHNIS.

FAUSTUS.

L Assò demissum collo caput erige, Daphni,
 Et meditare quibus ducamus lusibus horas,
 Quove joco lentæ fallamus tædia lucis.
 Prævius ipse modò pastoribus ire solebas,
 Ducebasque chorum doctè involvendo latentes
 Griphos, & rhythmis, & cursu præpete: sed jam
 Illa sepulta in te, dum tu torpore sepultus.

DAPHNIS.

Usque miser miserum cannâ stridente labellum

Attrivi

That all mine Oaten Reeds been rent and wore,
 And my poor Muse hath spent her spared Store.
 Yet little Good hath got, and much less Gaine.
 Such Pleasance makes the Grasshopper so poore,
 And ligge so laid, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper Ditties that I wont devise,
 To feede Youth's Fansie, and the flocking Fry,
 Delighten much ; what I the bett for thy !
 They han the Pleasure, I a slender Prize :
 I beat the Bushe, the Birds to them do fly ;
 What Good thereof to *Cuddy* can arise ?

PIERS.

Cuddy, the Praise is better then the Price,
 The Glory eke much greater then the Gaine ;
 O what an Honour is it to restraine
 The Lust of lawlesse Youth with good Advice ?
 Or pricke them forth with Pleasance of thy Vaine,
 Whereto thou list their trained Wills entice ?

Soone as thou 'ginst to set thy Notes in Frame,
 O how the rurall Rontes to thee doe cleave !
 Seemeth thou doost their Soule of Sense bereave ;
 All as the Shepheard that did fetch his Dame

From

Attrivi, dum canna labris mollita fatiscat,
 Exhaustaque penu paupercula musa, nec ullo
 Aucta est proventu, tenuique beata lucello.
 Deliciæ hæ pigram faciunt languere cicadam,
 Quando cassâ penu brumali vapulat irâ.

Quæ festiva modò procudò carmina, mentes
 Ut juvenum nobisque examina conflua pascam,
 Multùm titillant animos; quid ego auctior indè?
 Sunt his deliciæ, sed merces nulla poetæ.
 Exagito nemus ipse, in eorum concita casses
 Præda volat, quidnam indè boni jam Daphnidi surgit?

FAUSTUS.

Laus tua, Daphni, omni melior mercede, vigetque
 Duratura, brevi potior tibi gloria lucro.
 O quis honoris apex; monitu hortatûque salubri
 Effrænum rabidas juvenum compescere mentes!
 Accensisque tuæ mirâ mulcedine venæ
 Possessum quocunque libet deducere pectus!

Quamprimùm aggredieris lepidos compingere rhythmos,
 Ut tibi ruricolæ latus applicuere juvenci!
 Illorum sensus mihi consopire videris;
 Ut pastor, dominam Stygiâ qui è sede peremptam

From *Plutoes* balefull Bowre withouten Leave;
His Musickes Might the hellish Hound did tame.

CUDDY.

So prayſen Babes the Peacock's ſpotted Train,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing Eye;
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feeds him once the fuller by a Graine?
Sike Praise is Smoke, that ſheddeth in the Sky,
Sike Words been Wind, and waſten ſoon in vaine.

PIERS.

Abandon then the baſe and viler Clowne,
Liſt up thy ſelf out of the lowly Duſt,
And ſing of bloody *Mars*, of Wars, of Guſts;
Turne thee to thoſe that weld the awfull Crowne,
To doubted Knights, whoſe woundleſs Armor ruſtes,
And Helmes unbruſed, wexen daily brown.
There may thy Muſe diſplay her fluttering Wing,
And ſtretch her ſelf at large from Eaſt to Weſt;
Whether thou liſt in faire *Eliza* reſt;
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger Notes to ſing,
Advance the Worthy whom ſhe loveth beſt,
That firſt the White Beare to the Stake did bring.

And

Ad superas auras facili Plutone reduxit,
Cujus custodem domuit lyra blanda trifaucem.

DAPHNIS.

Sic, sic infantes picti spectacula pavi
Mirantur, laudantque oculata flabella rotantem ;
Sed quis laudatam dignatus munere caudam,
Aut picti grano ventrem quis juverit uno?
Laus talis liquido diffusus in aere fumus,
Aura levis, verba hæc, oculique evanida nictu.

FAUSTUS.

Mitte igitur Corydonem, & rustica nomina, Mopsos,
Rura tace, surgasque è pulvere remige pennâ.
Tu Martem, tu bella fones, simulachraque belli,
Doctaque sceptrigeros celebret tua buccina reges,
Invictosque duces, queis nullis pervia telis
Arma jacent, squallet scabrâ rubigine cassis.
Hic tua Musa potest plaufas extendere pennas,
Et passis utrosque axes amplectier alis;
Laudis Elifææ seu tu præconia panges,
Seu flatu majore tuas animabis avenas,
Ore premens illum, divinæ charus Elifæ
Affixum palo primus qui annexuit ursum.

And when the stubborn Stroke of stronger Stounds
 Has somewhat slackt the Tenor of thy String,
 Of Love and Lustlihead tho maist thou sing,
 And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round;
 All were *Elisa* one of thilke same Ring.
 So mought our *Cuddies* Name to Heaven found.

CUDDY.

Indeed the Romish *Tityrus* (I heare)
 Through his *Mecænas* left his Oaten Reed,
 Whereon he earst had taught his Flocks to feed,
 And laboured Lands to yeeld the timely Eare;
 And eft did sing of Warres and deadly Dreed,
 So as the Heavens did quake his Verse to heare.

But ah! *Mecænas* is yclad in Clay,
 And great *Augustus* long ygo is dead,
 And all the Worthies liggen wrapt in Lead,
 That Matter made for Poets on to play:
 For ever, who in derring doe were dead,
 The loftie Verse of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue gan for Age to stoupe,
 And mighty Manhood brought a Bedde of Ease,
 The vaunting Poets found nought worth a Pease,

Et cùm strenuiore sonori pectinis ictu
 Cœperunt rigidæ sensim mollescere chordæ,
 Deducto lepidos versu modularis amores,
 Argutúmque sonos: choreas tum prævius ipse
 Ducas, ipsa licèt pars adsit Elisa choreæ;
 Sic poterit cunctas Daphnis volitare per oras.

DAPHNIS.

Certè Romanus (sic fama est) Tityrus olim,
 Mecœnate suam mandante, abjecit avenam,
 Quâ docuit pecudes fœcundas carpere valles,
 Et tempestivis arvum canescere ariltis;
 Illico & intonuit Mavortia celsiùs acta,
 Ut tremulum audito nutaret carmine cœlum.

Sed jam Mecœnas fulvâ tumulatur arenâ,
 Nec non Augustum terræ finus invidus hausit,
 Magnanimique duces infuti corpora plumbo
 Putrescunt, doctis quondam seges ampla poëtis.
 Scilicet egregiis quo quisque illustrior ausis,
 Hoc magis altiloquos amplectitur usque poetas.

At postquam senuit penè intermortua virtus,
 Ingentésque ætas laxavit in otia mentes,
 Nil vati occurrit sublimi carmine dignum,

To put in Preace among the learned Troupe.
 Tho gan the Streams of flowing Wits to cease,
 And sunbright Honour pend in shamefull Coupe.

And if that any Buddes of Poesie,
 Yet of the old Stock gan to shoot again;
 Or it Mens Follies mote to force to faine,
 And roll with rest in Rimes of Ribaudrie:
 Or as it sprung, it wither must againe;
Tom Piper makes us better Melodie.

PIERS.

O peereless Poesie, where is then thy Place?
 If not in Princes Palace thou doest sit,
 (And yet is Princes Palace the most fit)
 Ne Brest of baser Birth doth thee embrace,
 Then make thee Wings of thine aspiring Wit,
 And, whence thou camst, flie back to Heaven apace.

CUDDY.

Ah, *Percy*, it is all too weake and wanne
 So high to fore, and make so large a Flight;
 Her pieced Pinions been not so in Plight,
 For *Colin* fits such famous Flight to scanne;
 He, were he not with Love so ill bedight,

Quod fêclis ausus sit commendare futuris.

Illicò destituit solitos Heliconia fluxus

Vena, honor angusto detrusus carcere marcet.

Et veteri è trunco stirps siqua poëseos usquam

Emicat in florem, certâ spe nobile germen,

Præsentis opus est ævi simulare furores,

Scalpentiisque uri obscœnâ prurigine versus ;

Aut velut exortum est, sic deflorere necessum :

Tibicen streperâ magè nos capit arte Tigellus.

FAUSTUS.

Quis locus ergo tibi? quæ sedes dîa poësis?

Si non aula lares, palatia summa penates

Dent, (tamen aula tibi certè est aptissima sedes)

Infima nec plebes ulnis te stringit amicis,

Alitis ingenii tollat te Dædala penna,

Et cœlum propero pete, cœlitùs orta, volatu.

DAPHNIS.

Ah! non sunt nobis tales, mi Faustule, vires,

Ardua quis tranem sublimi fydera cursu.

Tantum ceratis non ausim credere pennis ;

Istud Alexis opus, tales tentare volatus ;

Hic, nisi quòd rabido sic illaqueatur amore,

Would mount as high, and sing as foote as Swan,

PIERS.

Ah Fon! for Loves does teach him climbe so high,

And lifts him up out of the loathsome Mire:

Such immortal Mirrour, as he doth admire,

Would raife ones Mind above the starry Skie,

And cause a caitive Courage to aspire;

For lofty Love doth loath a lowly Eye.

CUDDY.

All otherwise the State of Poet stands:

For lordly Love is such a Tyranne fell,

That where he rules, all Power he doth expell,

The vaunted Verse a vacant Head demaunds,

Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:

Unwisely weaves, that takes two Webs in Hand,

Whoever casts to compass weighty Prize,

And thinks to throw out thundering Words of Threat,

Let powre in lavish Cups, and thrifty Bits of Meat;

For *Bacchus* Fruit is Friend to *Phæbus* wife;

And when with Wine the Brain begins to sweat,

The Numbers flow as fast as Spring doth rise.

Thou

Cygneum æquaret surgens ad sydera carmen.

FAUSTUS.

Ah miserum! edocuit sic hunc scandisse Cupido;

Erectumque imæ plebis de fæce levavit:

Forma immortalis, quam pascitur ille tuendo,

Erigeret vegetam super aurea sydera mentem;

Degener & pectus sibi quid promittere magnum

Cogeret; ipsa humiles odit sufflata Dione.

DAPHNIS.

Omnino naturam aliam fortita Poësis;

Imperiosus Amor, truculentus ubique tyrannus,

Quaque regit, vires alias exterminat indè.

Grandisonum at carmen vacuum sibi vendicat aulam,

Nec cum folicitis fœcios fixère penates

Pierides curis: incitè texere credis,

Uno qui binis orditur tempore telas.

Quicumque egregios animum prælibrat in ausus,

Verbâque ventoso meditatur turgida flatu,

Fœcundos ficcet calices, sed fercula tantum

Parca famem sedent, gaudet nam Phœbus Iaccho;

Et cum sudârit Baccho spumante cerebrum,

Carmina sponte fluunt, ut fons ebullit in altum.

Nescis,

Thou kenst not, *Percy*, how the Rime should rage :
 O if my Temples were distaind with Wine,
 And girt in Girlonds of wilde Ivie twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately Stage,
 And teach her tread aloft in Buskin fine,
 With quaint *Bellona* in her Equipage!

But ah ! my Courage cooles ere it be warme,
 For thy content us in this humble Shade,
 Where no such troublous Tides han us assayde,
 Here we our slender Pipes may safely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Goates shall han their Bellies layde,
Cuddy shall have a Kidde to store his Farme.

NOVEMBER.

Nescis, ut sacro lymphata furore Poësis
 Bacchatur: Mihi si generoso tincta Falerno
 Tempora ferverent, tremulis incincta corymbis,
 Quantus, io! poteram spirantem prælia Musam
 Erigere in scenam, sublimi ut nixa cothurno
 Ardua Bellonam furiosis passibus æquet!

At vix intepuit, meus & restinguitur ardor;
 Quin igitur contenti istâ requiescimus umbrâ,
 Quâ nunquam nosmet tempestas talis adorta est:
 Possumus hîc tuti tenues inflare cicutas.

FAUSTUS.

Et cùm ventris onus foetæ posuere capellæ,
 Daphnidi lactentem dabimus pro cantibus hædum.

NOVEMBER.

N O V E M B E R.

The Eleventh Æ G L O G U E.

The ARGUMENT.

Colin, being desired by Thenot to sing, excuses himself by his Concern for the Death of Dido, (the Daughter of a Shepherd of Note, and probably a Friend of the Author) whose Memory at Thenot's farther Request, he praises in a funeral Elegy.

THENOT.

COLIN.

THENOT.

Colin, my Dear, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou wert wont, Songs of some Jovisaunce?
 Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
 Lulled asleep through Loves Misgovernance.
 Now somewhat sing, whose endless Sovenaunce
 Among the Shepherds Swaines may aye remain;
 Whether thee list thy loved Lasse advance,
 Or honour *Pan* with Hymnes of higher Vaine.

COLIN.

Thenot, now nis the Time of merry make,
 Nor *Pan* to herie, nor with Love to play:

Sike

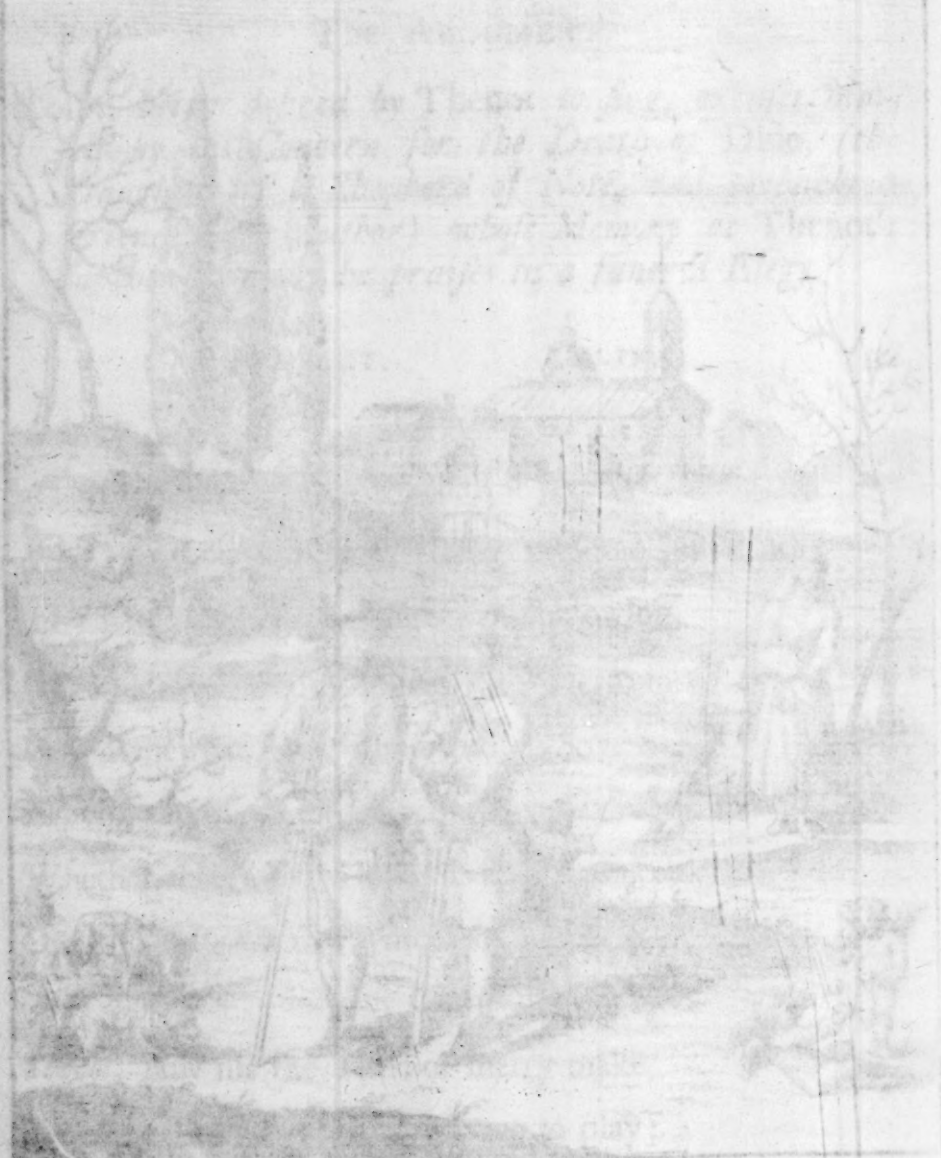
November.



P. Fourdrinier sculp.

November

The Evening Service



W. L. G. & Co. Printers

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA Undecima.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis petit ab Alexi ut lepidum carmen modularetur, qui se excusatum haberet ob summum dolorem pro morte Didonis (filiae pastoris honesti, amici forsitan Spenseri) cujus memoriam tamen, ulteriori Thyrsis rogatu, carmine funereo concelebrat.

THYRSIS.

ALEXIS.

THYRSIS.

ECquando pro more tuo, mi dulcis Alexi,
Festivum lepidâ modulabere carmen avenâ?

Ah nimis indulget tacito tua Musa dolori,

Musa cupidineæ jactu sopita sagittæ.

Nunc aliquid canta quod postera prædicet ætas,

Æternúmque hilaris memoret pastoria pubes.

Seu tibi dilectam placeat celebrare puellam,

Seu majore sono Panos stet pangere laudes.

ALEXIS.

Non hæc tempestas ludo est accommoda, Thyrsi,

Panave concelebrare hymnis, rhythmisve puellam.

Vendicat

Sike Mirth in *May* is meetest for to make,
 Or *Somer Shade*, under the cocked Hay.
 But now said Winter welked hath the Day,
 And *Phæbus* weary of his yearly Task,
 Ystablisht hath his Steeds in lowly Lay,
 And taken up his *Inne* in Fishes Haske.
 Thilke fullen Season fadder Plight doth aske,
 And loatheth sike Delights, as thou doest praise;
 The mournfull Muse in Mirth now list ne maske,
 As she was wont in *Youngth* and Summer Days.
 But if thou algate lust light Virelayes,
 And looser Songs of Love to underfong:
 Who but thy selfe deserves like Poets Praise?
 Relieve thy Oaten Pipes, that sleepe long.

THE NOT.

The Nightingale is Soveraigne of Song,
 Before him fits the Titmouse silent be;
 And I, unfit to thrust in skilfull Throng,
 Should *Colin* make Judge of my Foolerie;
 Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,
 And han been watred at the Muses Well:
 The kindly Dew drops from the higher Tree,

And

Vendicat herbicomus foli hæc sibi gaudia Maius,
 Aut patulam ad fagum, ficci aut sub mergite fœni.
 At nunc tristis hyems arctatas contrahit horas,
 Et fessus longæque viæ, nimiique laboris,
 Phœbus equos imo tandem stabulatus Olympo,
 Ultima fiscellam sibi diverforia fecit.
 Mœstum igitur magis hoc, magis illætabile tempus
 Exigit, atque jocos paulò morosius odit.
 Nec jam lugubri arrident sua gaudia Musæ,
 Æstate ut pridem, vernæque in flore juventæ.
 Quòd si molliculos sitiant tua pectora versus,
 Lascivósque cupis, Cythereæ incendia, rhythmos,
 Quis tibi, Thyrsi, parem tulit hoc certamine palman?
 Quin repares calamos longo torpore solutos.

THYRSIS.

Sylvestris regina chori celebratur Aëdon;
 Coram hâc argutas compescat hirundo querelas:
 Indignúsque ego me doctæ ingeffisse catervæ,
 Stultitiæ facerem testem malè sanus Alexin?
 Absit, quin potiùs doceat me doctior ille,
 Et quem Musarum largo fons irrigat haustu.
 Nam qui procerâ fœcundus ab arbore stillat

Ros,

And wets the little Plants that lowly dwell.
 But if sad Winter's Wrath, and Season chill,
 Accord not with thy Muses Meriment,
 To sadder Times thou maist attune thy Quill,
 And sing of Sorrow and Death's Dreeriment.
 For dead is *Dido*, dead alas, and drent,
Dido the great Shepheard his Daughter sheen,
 The fayrest *May* she was that ever went,
 Her like she has not left behind I weene.
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull Teene,
 I shall thee give yond Cofset for thy Paine ;
 And if thy Rymes as round and rufull been,
 As those that did thy *Rosalinde* complaine,
 Much greater Gifts, for Guerdon thou shalt gain,
 Then Kidde or Cofset, which I thee benempt.
 Then up, I say, thou jolly Shepheards Swaine ;
 Let not my small Demaund be so contempt,

COLIN.

Thenot, to that I chose, thou dost me tempt :
 But ah ! too well I wote my humble Vain,
 And how my Rimes been rugged and unkempt,
 Yet as I con, my Cunning I will strain.

Ros, subnascentes vegetat sub stipite plantas.
 Quòd si brumalis rigor, atque immitior aura
 Lascivæ numeris vix sint sat congrua Musæ,
 Flebiliore potes singultu rumpere cannam,
 Funerâque irriguâ gravè suspirare querelâ.
 Nam periit Dido, ah! jam mortua, jamque sepulta!
 Dido pastoris magni nitidissima proles;
 Una puellares inter pulcherrima cœtus,
 Illa, nec æqualem liquit defuncta puellam.
 Si verò mihi lugubres tua canna dolores
 Planxerit, ille tibi cedit modò corniger agnus:
 Quòd si tam lugubre tibi, tam flebile carmen,
 Quàm quod de ingrata fudisti Phyllide nuper,
 Multò major, Alexi, manet tua carmina merces,
 Quàm quæ promisi, vitulûsve, agnûsve tenellus.
 Ergo age, surge modò, flos ô pastorie, surge;
 Nec tumidè me rejicias tam parva petentem.

ALEXIS.

Ultrò, quòd statui, suades mihi, Thyrsi, volenti:
 Novi at quàm tenui currunt mihi carmina venâ;
 Quàm incompti nobis rhythmî sint, inque politi;
 Ars mea quid poterit, faciam tamen ipse periculum.

UP then, *Melpomene*, the mournfull Muse of nine,
Such Cause of Mourning never hadst afore;

Up, grisly Ghosts, and up my ruffull Rime,
Matter of Mirth now shalt thou have no more;
For dead she is, that Mirth thee made of yore,

Dido, my Dear, alas, is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in Lead.

O heavy Herse!

Let streaming Tears be powred out in Store.

O carefull Verse!

Shepherds, that by your Flocks on *Kentish Downes* abide,
Wayle ye this wofull WASTE of Natures Warke.

Wayle we the Wight, whose Prefence was our Pride;

Wayle we the Wight, whose Absence is our Carke.

The Sunne of all the World is dimme and darke,

The Earth now wants her wonted Light,

And all we dwell in deadly Night.

O heavy Herse!

Break we our Pipes, that shrill as loude as Larke.

O carefull Verse!

Why do we longer live? ah why live we so long,

Whose better Days Death hath shut up in Woe?

The

INter ter trinas mœstissima furge sorores,
 Melpomene, nunquam tanti tibi causa doloris;
 Huc torvi Lemures, ades huc lachrymabile carmen,
 Nil lepidum tractabis, nil lætabile posthæc:
 Nam defuncta, jocos tibi quæ suffecerat olim,

Ah, concidit dilecta Dido,

Concidit, & tumultata dudum est.

O nimiùm lugubria justa!

Fœcundo lachrymæ rorantes flumine stillent.

O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Vos qui Cantiacas per valles ducitis agnos

Pastores, diram naturæ flete ruinam.

Deploremus eam, modò quâ præfente superbi,

Deploremus eam, quâ nunc absente dolemus.

Totius mundi Sol obtenebrescit opacus,

Suetâ caret jam luce tellus,

Nosque graves habitamus umbras.

O nimiùm lugubria justa!

Cassitis stridore pares frangamus avenas.

O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Cur vita, heu, superest? ah, cur huc viximus usque,

Queis ævi potior pars luctu fordida tabet?

The fairest Flowre, our Girland all among,
Is faded quite, and into Dust ygoe.

Sing now, ye Shepheards Daughters, sing no mo
The Songs that *Colin* made you in her Praise,
But into Weeping turn your wanton Layes.

O heaue Hearse!

Now is time to dye. Nay, Time was long ygoe.

O carefull Verse!

Whence is it, that the Flowre of the Field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winter's Bale?

Yet soon as Spring his Mantle doth display,
It flowreth fresh, as it should never faile.

But Thing on Earth that is of most Auaile,

As Virtues Branch, and Beauties Bud,

Reliven not for any Good.

O heavy Hearse!

The Branch once dead, the Bud eke needs must quail.

O carefull Verse!

She, while she was (that was a wofull Word to faine)

For Beauties Praise and Pleasance had no peere.

So well she couth the Shepheards entertain,

With Cakes, and Cracknels, and such countrey Chear;

Ne

En ferti flores inter pulcherrimus omnes
 Marcuit, & simul in cineres dilapsus abivit.
 Posthæc ruricolæ nunquam cantate puellæ,

Queis hanc Alexis laudat, odas,
 Sed lachrymis moduli obruantur.

O nimium lugubria iusta!

Hora mori nunc est, ah pridem ea transiit hora.

O nimum lachrymabile carmen!

Unde est, herbicomi expiret quòd flosculus horti,

Et dum sævit hyems, torpet tellure sepultus?

At cum ver varium pandit genitabile peplum,

Nunquam ut casurus redivivo flore superbit.

Quando aliud fluido multo magè nobile flore,

Virtutis ut stirps, flosque formæ,

Non iterum revirescit unquam.

O nimum lugubria iusta!

Mortua si stirps sit, florem marcere necessum.

O nimum lachrymabile carmen!

Illa (ah!) dum fuit, illa (fuit, quàm flebile verbum?)

Non habuit formæve parem, morúmve lepore.

Sic nempe excepit pastores comiter almi

Deliciis ruris, prunis, libisque, favisque;

Ne would she scorn the simple Shepherd's Swaine;
 For she would call him often heame,
 And give him Curds and clouted Creame,
 O heavie Hearse!

Als *Colin Clout* she would not once disdayne.

O carefull Verse!

But now like happy Cheare is turn'd to heavy Chaunce,
 Such Pleasance now displast by Dolours Dint:
 All Musick sleeps, where Death doth lead the Dance,
 And Shepherds wonted Solace is extinct.

The blew in black, the green in gray is tinct;

The gaudie Girlonds deckt her Grave,

The faded Flowres her Corse embrace.

O heavy Hearse!

Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with Tears besprent.

O carefull Verse!

O thou great Shepherd *Lobbin*, how great is thy Grief?

Where bin the Nofegayes that she dight for thee?

The coloured Chaplets wrought with a Chief,

The knottish Rush-rings, and gilt Rosemarce?

For she deemed nothing too dear for thee.

Ah! they been all yclad in Clay,

Nec fastidivit pannosos ruris alumnos,

Ast his domum crebrò vocatis

Mel, pyra, lacque daret coactum.

O nimiùm lugubria iusta!

Nec peronatum dedignaretur Alexim.

O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Nunc has delicias casus vitiavit amarus,

Exulat illa recenti expulsa dolore voluptas;

Nam quacunq̃ue choros agitat mors, musica dormit,

Pastorum pereunt solatia grata, colórque

In canum viridis mutatur, cærulus atrum;

Pictæ coronæ umbrant sepulchrum,

Languidâque herba tegit cadaver.

O nimiùm lugubria iusta!

Nunc, ô nunc plangas lachrymarum prodiga Musa.

O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Maxime pastorum Theron, quis te æstus adurit?

Florum ubi fasciculi, pro te quos legerat olim?

Multicoloris ubi viridantia texta corollæ?

Annulus & creber nodato juncceus orbe?

Nil (charum licèt) invidit tibi prodiga Dido.

Hæc cuncta nunc evanuerunt,

One bitter Blaft blew all away,

O heavy Herfe!

Thereof nought remains but the Memoree.

O carefull Verfe!

Ah me! that dreery Death should strike fo mortall Stroke,
That can undo Dame Nature's kindly Courfe.

The faded Locks fall from the lofty Oke;

The Flouds do gaspe, for dried is their Sourfe,

And Flouds of Tears flow in their stead perforce,

The mantled Medows mourn,

Their fundry Colours tourne.

O heavy Herfe!

The Heavens do melt in Tears without Remorfe.

O carefull Verfe!

The feeble Flocks in Field refuse their former Foode,

And hang their Heads as they would learn to weep;

The Beasts in Forrests wayle, as they were woode,

Except the Wolves, that chafe the wandring Sheep.

Now she is gone that safely did hem keep.

The Turtle on the bared Braunch,

Laments the Wound that Death did launch,

O heavy Hearfe!

And

Omnia dispulit unus Auster.

O nimiùm lugubria justa !

Horum nil superest, nisi quod sub pectore grato,

O nimium lachrymabile carmen !

Hei mihi, quod mortis sic est penetrabile telum,

Naturæ leges ut vulnere ruperit uno.

Marcentes quercus crines exsucca refundit,

Flumen agit rimas, fons primo deficit alveo,

Inque loco lachrymæ decurrunt fluminis instar.

Vestita & herbis prata mœrent,

Et nitor emoriens hebescit.

O nimiùm lugubria justa !

In fletum assiduum liquefacta resolvitur æthra.

O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen !

En infirma pecus jam pabula nota refugit,

Demittens caput, humani tanquam æmula fletus :

Quæque fera in sylvis luget correpta furore,

Ni lupo, erranti fortè insidiatus ovili ;

Namque ea disperiit, quæ tutum præstitit illud,

Turturque nudis æsculetis

Vulnera lethifera usque plangit.

O nimiùm lugubria justa !

Fletife-

And *Philomele* her Song with Tears doth steep.

O carefull Verse!

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and dance,

And for her Girland Olive Branches bear,

Now balefull Boughes of Cypres done advance;

The Muses that were wont green Bayes to weare,

Now bringen bitter Eldre Branches sere.

The fatal Sisters eke repent,

Her vital Threed so soon was spent.

O heavy Herse!

Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with heavy Chear.

O carefull Verse!

O trustles State of earthly Things, and slipper Hope

Of mortal Men, that swinke and sweat for nought,

And shooting wide, doth miss the marked Scope!

Now have I learn'd a Lesson (dearly bought)

That nis on Earth Assurance to be sought.

For what might be in earthly Mould,

That did her buried Body hould!

O heavy Herse!

Yet saw I on the Beere when it was brought,

O carefull Verse!

But

Fletiferâsque rigat lachrymis Philomela querelas.

O nimium lachrymabile carmen!

Communes suetæ cantus iniisse, chorosque

Nymphæ, è Palladiâ gestantes fronde coronam

Funeræ tendunt vimen ferale cupressi;

Musæ olim viridis cristatæ germine lauri,

Arida sambuci ramalia flebilè quassant.

Et pœnitet duras sorores

Tam citò destituisse fasos.

O nimium lugubria justa!

Nunc, ah! nunc plangat mea Musa absorpta dolore.

O nimium lachrymabile carmen!

Occiduis status infidus, spes lubrica rebus,

Mortalis frustra in sudans quibus usque laborat,

Et longè à metâ, modò quem sibi destinat, errat!

Nunc didici (ah documenta nimis constantia magno)

Quòd non terrenis datur unquam fidere rebus.

De fæce terrenâ ecquid usquam

Quod faciem radiantem adæquet?

O nimium lugubria justa!

Hanc tamen impositam mœsto vidi ipse feretro;

O nimium lachrymabile carmen!

But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters deadly Spight,
 And Gates of Hell, and fiery Furies Force,
 She hath the Bonds broke of eternal Night,
 Her Soule unbodied of the burdenous Corse.
 Why then weeps *Lobbin* so without Remorse?

O *Lobb*, thy Lofs no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into Heaven hent.

O happy Herse!

Cease now my Muse, now cease thy Sorrows Sourse.

O joyfull Verse!

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with Plaints,
 As if some Evil were to her betight?

She raignes a Goddess now among the Saints,
 That whilome was the Saint of Shepheards Light,
 And is enstalled now in Heavens Hight,

I see the blessed Soule, I see,
 Walk in Elisian Fields so free.

O happy Herse!

Might I once come to thee (O that I might)

O joyfull Verse!

Unwise and wretched Men to weet what's Good or Ill,
 We deem of Death as Doom of ill Desert;

But

Sed morte invitâ, Parcarum lege solutâ,
 Refragante Erebo, Furiisque furentibus, illa,
 Illa, inquam, æternæ disrupit vincula noctis;
 Mens mole exonerata volat compage refractâ.

Ergo quid indulget Theron finè fine dolori?

Dispendium nè plange Theron,

Non periit, sed in astra fugit.

O nimium felicia iusta!

Siste ergo, mea Musa, tuos, age, siste dolores.

O multum lætabile carmen!

Cur ideo flemus? questûque laceessimus astra,

Tanquam adversi aliquid felici obvenerat illi?

Nunc felix regnat sancta inter numina numen,

Quæ solis fuerat numen pastoribus antè,

Et Divum cœlis inscripta refertur in album;

Ecce ô beatum numen; ecce

Elysiis ut oberrat agris!

O meritò felicia iusta!

O si conveniam te! ô utinam per fata liceret!

O meritò lætabile carmen!

Quàm miserè, proprio dum res examine pensat,

Cæcus homo est, sceleris dum mortem præmia credit;

Quòd

But knew we Fools, what it us brings untill,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.

No Danger there the Shepheard can affert;

Fayre Fields and pleasant Layes there beene;

The Fields aye fresh, the Grasse aye greene.

O happy Herse!

Make haste, ye Shepheards, thither to revert!

O joyfull Verse!

Dido is gone afore (whose Turn shall be the next?)

There lives she with the blessed Gods in Blisse:

There drinks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,

And Joyes enjoys, that mortal Men do miss.

The Honour now of highest God she is,

That whilome was poor Shepheards pride,

While here on Earth she did abide.

O happy Herse!

Cease now, my Song, my Woe now wasted is.

O joyfull Verse!

THE NOT.

Aye franke Shepheard, how been thy Verses meint

With dolefull Pleasance, so as I ne wotte,

Whether rejoyce or weepe for great Constraint;

Thine

Quòd si nôrimus quò nos abducit adactos,
Affiduè moreremur ut experiamur eandem.

Illic à tergo discrimina nulla timentur ;

Campi nitentes, umbra suavis,

Herba virens, rediviva prata.

O meritò felicia iusta !

Huc, huc pastores, huc, huc properate reverti.

O meritò lætabile carmen !

En præiit Dido (cuinam fors proxima cedit?)

Illic Diis socium ter felix transigit ævum?

Diluta ambrosiâ nam pocula nectaris haurit,

Gaudia præcerpens nostræ non cognita vitæ.

Nunc coeli decus, atque Dei stat gloria summi,

Quondam decus pastorculorum,

Dum fuit hic, coluitque terras,

O meritò felicia iusta !

Jam cessate modi, cura attenuata resedit.

O meritò lætabile carmen !

THYRSIS.

Dulcissime ó pastor, quàm bellè carmen amarum

Fletiferâ dulcedine diluis? Hæsito mente

Anxius incertâ, gaudere, an flere deceret.

En

Thine be the Coffer, well hast thou it gotte.

Up, *Colin*, up, ynough thou mourned hast,

Now ginnes to mizzle, hie we homeward fast.

D E C E M B E R.

The Twelfth ÆGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This last Æglogue, as well as the first, is a Soliloquy of Colin, reflecting on the Pleasures and Levities of his Youth, the Progress of his riper Years, and complaining that his Life is now blasted, and brought to its Winter Season, through his long and hopelesse Passion for Rosalind.

COLIN.

THE gentle Shepheard late besides a Spring,
 All in the Shadow of a bushy Breere,
 That *Colin* hight, which well could pipe and sing,
 For he of *Tityrus* his Songs did lere.

There as he sat in secret Shade alone,

Thus 'gan he make of Love his pitious Mone.

O soveraign *Pan*, thou God of Shepherds all,

Which

December.



P. Fourdrinier Sulp.

December



Winter scene

En tuus est, meruit tua nœnia flebilis, agnus.
 Surge igitur, fatiſ, ô fatiſ es lachrymatus Alexi.
 Retrò præcipitemus iter, ſenſim ingruit imber.

D E C E M B E R.

Æ G L O G A Duodecima.

ARGUMENTUM.

*In hac Æglogâ æque ac primâ, ſolus loquitur Alexis,
 qui ſecum meditatur, quàm futilitèr & ineptè vi-
 tam, adhuc adoleſcens egiffet, quales annis prove-
 ctioribus in carminibus componendis progreſſus fecit;
 conqueritur demùm vitam ſuam jam emarceſcere;
 eo quòd, diù Phyllida, ſed fruſtrâ amâſſet.*

ALEXIS.

Sedit hûmi paſtor muſcoſam fontis ad oram,
 Quem ſylveſcentis dumeti umbracula opacant:

Nomen Alexis erat, cannæ, cantûſque peritus;

Illi nempe ſuam tradebat Tityres artem:

Uſque ibi ſecrètâ jacuit proſtratus in umbrâ;

Hoc queſtu miſeros miſer execratûr amores.

Pæſtorum ô numen, nobis ſine ſine colende

Which of our tender Lambkins takest Keep,
 And when our Flocks into Mischance mought fall,
 Dooft save from Mischief the unwary Sheep;

Als of their Maisters hast no less Regard

Then of the Flocks, which thou dost watch and ward;
 I thee beseech (so be thou deigne to heare,
 Rude Ditties, tunde to Shepheards oaten Reed;
 Or if I ever Sonnet sung so cleare,
 As it were Pleasance mought thy Fancy feed)

Harken a while from thy green Cabinet,

The lawrel Song of carefull *Colinet*.

Whilome in Youth, when flowr'd my youthfull Spring,
 Like Swallow swift, I wandred here and there;
 For Heat of heedless Lust me so did sting,
 That I of doubted Danger had no feare;

I went the waftfull Woods and Forrest wide,

Withouten Dread of Wolves to been espide.

I wont to range amid the mazie Thicket,
 And gather Nuts to make me *Christmas* Game;
 And joyed oft to chafe the trembling Pricket,
 Or hunt the heartlesse Hare till she were tame.

What recked I of wintry Ages waft?

Tho

Pan, ô qui teneros tutò mihi protegis agnos,
 Cumque ultrò malè cauta pecus discrimen adiret,
 Arces vicinum palanti sponte periculum;

Nec minor in miseros pecudis tua cura magistros,

Quàm gregis ipsius, quem nocte, dieque tueris;

Te precor (attentas modò tu dignaberis aures

Præbere incomptis modulis pastoris avenæ;

Vel si tam liquidâ cecini modulamina voce,

Ut possent vestros aliquantùm pascere sensus)

Paulùm de viridi mox auscultare cubili,

Flebilibus numeris curâ tabentis Alexis.

Olim vernantis læto sub flore juventæ,

Huc, illúcque vagabar, uti Pandionis ales;

Sic instigavit male cautum infana cupido,

Ut nunquam impendens possem timuisse periculum;

Sponte peragrabam fylvas, saltúsque profundos,

Nec diri formido lupi revocabat euntem.

Nunc labyrinthæis miserum caput implico dumis,

Dum nudo corylos in Saturnalia lætos;

Nunc tremit in casses, me urgente, cuniculus actus;

Et timido lepori, donec mansueverit, insto.

Quæ me venturi tenuit tum cura Decembris?

Tho deemed I my Spring would ever last,
 How often have I scal'd the craggy Oke,
 All to dislodge the Raven of her Nest?
 How have I wearied with many a Stroke
 The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest

Under the Tree fell all at Nuts for Strife?

For ylike to me was Liberty and Life,
 And for I was in thilke same looser Yeeres,
 (Whether the Muse so wrought me from my Birth;
 Or I too much beleev'd my Shepherds Peeres)
 Some dele ybent to Song and Musicks Mirth.

A good old Shepheard, *Wrenock* was his Name,
 Made me by Art more cunning in the same.
 From thence I durst in derring to compare
 With Shepherds Swaine, what ever fed in Field;
 And if that *Hobbinol* right Judgment bare,
 To *Pan* his owne selfe Pipe I need not yeeld.

For if the flocking Nymphs did follow *Pan*,
 The wiser Muses after *Colin* ran.
 But ah! such Pride at length was ill repaid,
 The Shepherds God, (perdie God was he none)
 My hurtlesse Pleasance did me ill upbraid,

My

Æternum vernos speravi improvidus annos.

Ah quoties juvit nodosam scandere quercum,

Cornici ut profugos demoliar indè penates?

Lassavi quoties juglandem verbere foetam

Impiger, interea dum cætera turba coibat

In pugnam, alternam dum captat quisque rapinam?

Unica nempe mihi libertas, vita, voluptas.

Quodque etiam fueram tum liberiore sub ævo,

(Seu Musa è teneris me sic effinxerat annis,

Credulus æquævæ an gaudebam fidere turbæ)

Prior in molles cantus, cannæque sonorem.

Longævus Pastor, cui nomen Tityrus, artem

Edocuit, fecitque aliquâ de parte peritum.

Hinc tenues ausus calamos componere cuivis

Pastorum, pecudes quicunque eduxit in arva ;

Sique etiam non falsa fuit sententia Mopsi,

Non calamos blando submittere debeo Pani.

Nam si Nympharum stipabant Pana catervæ,

Musæ doctiloquum circumglomerantur Alexin.

Sed tandem ah ! Nemesis fastum malè vindicat istum,

Pastorum Deus ille (sed herclè non Deus ille)

Innocuas has delicias invidit Alexi,

My Freedome lorne, my Life he left to mone:

Love they him called, that gave me Checkmate,

But better mought they have behote him hate.

'Tho 'gan my lovely Spring bid me farewell,

And Summer Season sped him to display

(For Love then in the *Lyon's-House* did dwell)

The raging Fire that kindled at his Ray.

A Comet stird up that unkindly Heate,

That rained (as Men said) in *Venus* Seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,

When Choyce I had to chuse my wandring Way;

But whether Lucke and Loves unbridled Lore

Would lead me forth on Fancies Bit to play.

The Bush my Bed, the Bramble was my Bowre,

The Woods can witness many a wofull Stoure.

Where I was wont to seek the Hony Bee,

Working her formall Rowmes in Wexen Frame,

The grisly Todeftool grown there mought I see,

And loathing Paddockes lording on the same.

And where the chanting Birds lulde me asleep,

The ghastly Owle, her grievous Inne doth keep.

Then as the Spring gives Place to elder Time,

Libertate jubens raptâ me plangere vitam.

Inscia plebs vocat hunc, qui sic me afflixit, Amorem;

Ast Odii nomen magè moribus affonat istis!

Indè valedicit genialis gratia veris,

Et nimium festiva faces eventilat æstas,

(Nempe Amor æstiferi tenuit tunc antra leonis)

Quas radio nimium torrente accendere fueta est.

Immites flammâs exciverat ante, protervæ

Regnans in Veneris (sic fertur) fede, Cometes.

Ducebar, gressus solito non more movebam,

Cum passim errabam, quo pes, animusque ferebant,

Sed qua fors, effrænati vel amoris habena

Egerat, ut pascant vigilantia somnia mentem.

Lectus erant frutices, surgens umbracula dumus,

Altâque testantur tacitæ suspîria sylvæ.

Artificem mellis modò quâ quæsisse solebâm,

Texta cavernosis fingentem quadrua ceris,

Illic ferali surgentes pumice fungos

Vidi, bufonésque etiam dominarier illic.

Quaque invitabant aviaria garrula somnos,

Illic ominibus pernoctat bubo sinisteris.

Indè ut ver geniale premente æstate refugit,

And bringeth forth the Fruit of Summer's Pride,
All fo my Age now passed youthful Prime,
To Things of riper Reason self applyde;

And learnd of lighter Timber Cotes to frame,
Such as might save my Sheep and me fro Shame,
To make fine Cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of Bul-rushes was my wont.

Who to entrap the Fish in winding Sale,
Was better scene, or hurtfull Beasts to hunt?

I learned als the Signes of Heaven to ken,
How *Phæbus* sayles, where *Venus* sits, and when,
And tryed Time, yet taught me greater Things,
The sudden Rising of the raging Seas;
The Sooth of Birds by beating of their Wings,
The Power of Hearbs, both which can hurt and ease,

And which be wont t'enrage the restless Sheep,
And which be wont to worke eternall Sleep.
But ah unwise and witleffe, *Colin Clout*!
That kydst the hidden Kinds of many a Weed,
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy fore Hart Root,
Whose rankling Wound as yet doth rifely bleed.

Why liv'st thou still, and yet hast thy Deaths Wound?

Why

Et dedit æstivos tellus jam prodiga flores,
 Nostra etiam transit florem festiva juvenus,
 Et ratione incocta simul maturuit ætas;

Materia hinc levior mihi magalia feci,

Quæ probra arcerent pecori, pecorisque magistro,
 Dædala cura fuit Philomelæ fingere claustra,
 Et lento fragilem fiscellam texere junco.

Quis labyrinthæa pisces involvere nassa
 Doctior, aut agitare feras solertior usquam?

Astrorumque vias didici discernere, certos

Lunæ defectus, & certos Cypridis ortus.

Et docuit majora usu maturior ætas,
 Undarum subitos æstu turgente tumores;
 Garritus volucrum, plaudentis & omina pennæ;
 Herbarum vires, quæ noxia, quæve salubris;

Quem caulem mitis pecus insaniret edendo,

Et quisnam æternâ damnaret lumina nocte.

Ah verò imprudens, excors, ignarus Alexis,
 Radicum vires scrutari, artemque medendi;
 At nullam nôsti quæ faucia pectora curet,
 Quorum suppurata etiam nunc ulcera manant:

Quorsum vivis adhuc lethali vulnere fixus?

Cur

Why dyest thou still, and yet alive art found?
 Thus is my Summer worne away and waisted;
 Thus is my Harveſt haſtened all too rathe.
 The Eare that budded fayre, is burnt and blaſted,
 And all my hoped Gain is turn'd to ſcathe.

Of all the Seed, that in my Youth was ſowne,
 Was nought but Brakes and Brambles to be mowne.
 My Boughs and Bloſſoms that crowned were at firſt,
 And promiſed of timely Fruit ſuch Store,
 Are left both bare and barren now at erſt;
 The flattering Fruit is fallen to Ground before,
 And rotted, ere they were half mellow ripe;
 My Harveſt waſte my Hope away did wipe.
 The fragrant Flowers that in my Garden grew,
 Been wither'd, as they had been gather'd long;
 Their Roots been dried up for lacke of Dew,
 Yet dewed with Teares they had been ever among.

Ah! who has wrought my *Rosalinde* this Spight,
 To ſpil the Flowers that ſhould her Girland dight?
 And I, that whilome wont to frame my Pipe,
 Unto the Shifting of the Shepheards Foote,
 Sike Follies now have gathered, as too ripe,

And

Cur semper moriari superstes semper, Alexi?

Sic, sic præproperè fugitiva evanuit æstas,

Sic & præmatura seges lactavit inanem.

Pulchrè prægnantes æstu torrentur aristæ,

Vanaque sperantium hauserunt dispendia lucrum.

Et de totius cassâ femente juventæ

Nil superest, præter filicésque rubósque, metendum,

Gemmae prolifico & radiantia germina flore,

Maturum fructus mihi promittentia scœnus,

Flore exuta suo tandem sterilefcere vidi;

Spemque abblanditus jam concidit arbore fructus,

Nec dum mitescens festinâ tabe putrescit;

Sic messe exustâ nobis spes occidit omnis.

Suaveolens nostro qui flos adoleverat horto,

Ut carptus jampridem à stirpe exaruit imâ;

Deficiente etiam radix emortua rore,

Roranti humectam crebro tamen irrigo fletu.

Ah! nostram quis tanto affecit Phyllida damno?

Quis florem obtrivit, qui spes fuit una corollæ?

Atque ego, qui nuper stridentem inflare solebam

Ad rigidi motum alternum peronis avenam,

Excussi hæc nimis ut maturos ludicra fructus,

Ejecique

And cast hem out, as rotten and unfoote.

The looser Lasse I cast to please no more,

One, if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my Harvest Hope, I have

Nought reaped but a weedy Crop of Care,

Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling Sheave,

Cockle for Corne, and Chaffe for Barley bare.

Soon as the Chaffe should in the Fan be finde,

All was blowne away of the wavering Winde.

So my Yeare drawes to my latter Terme,

My Spring is spent, my Summer burnt up quite,

My Harvest hastes to stirre up Winter sterne,

And bids him claim with rigorous Rage his Right.

So now he stormes with many a sturdy Stoure,

So now his blustering Blast each Coast doth scoure.

The carefull Cold hath nipt my rugged Rinde,

And in my Face deep Furrowes Eld hath pight;

My Head besprent with hoary Frost I finde,

And by mine Eye the Crow his Claw do wright.

Delight is laid abed, and Pleasure past,

No Sunne now shines, Clouds han all over-cast.

Now leave, you Shepherds Boys, your merry Glee,

My

Ejecique foràs ingrati ut putrida odoris.

Lascivis nulla est mihi cura placere puellis ;

Uni si placeam fatis est, nil demoror ultrà.

Sic vanus voti fero nil de messe laborum,

Curarum pleni nisi quod cecidere manipuli ;

Dein granum tumidis tentanti extundere spicis

Frumentum paleas, atque hordea lolia mittunt :

Cumque Euri arbitrio paleas secernere conor,

Evertit turbo tremulis ludibria ventis.

Sic meus ad metam declivis volvitur annus,

Jam ver defecit, mihi jam deferbuit æstas,

Cedensque Autumnus brumales fuscitat imas,

Infanóque rigore jubet sua jura tueri.

Jamque omni tumidis bacchatur ab axe procellis,

Jamque omnes oras furioso flamine verrit.

En squarrofa cutis mordaci frigore fissa !

En senium fulcis peraravit anilibus ora !

En candent canæ nive tempora sparsa senectæ !

Juxta oculos corvini unguis vestigia cernas.

Arguti filuère joci, fugitque voluptas,

Nullus sol lucet, nebulis obtexitur æther.

Linque igitur lepidoſ, pubes pastoria, lusus ;

Raucescit

My Muse is hoarse, and weary of this Stound;
 Heere will I hang my Pipe upon this Tree,
 Was never Pipe of Reed did better found.

Winter is come, that blows the bitter Blast,
 And after Winter dreerie Death does hast.
 Gather ye together my little Flock,
 My little Flock, that was to me most lief:
 Let me, ah let me in your Folds yee lock,
 Ere the breme Winter breed you greater Grief.

Winter is come, that blows the balefull Breath,
 And, after Winter, cometh timely Death.
 Adiew Delights, that lulled me asleepe,
 Adiew my Deare, whose Love I bought so deare;
 Adiew my little Lambs and loved Sheep,
 Adiew ye Woods, that oft my Witnes were.

Adiew, good *Hobbinoll*, that was so true,
 Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adiew.

Raucefcit mea Mufa, jocos fastidit & iftos :

Hâc fufpenfa mihi requiefcat fiftula fago;

Fiftula quâ nufquam melior garribat arundo.

Nempe advenit hyems, flatu metuenda minaci,

Postque hyemem fequitur paffu mors dira citato.

Huc, huc agglomera, fimul huc grex parve coito;

Parvule grex, ô qui fuper omnia charus Alexi:

Ah finite, ah finite occlufis in ovilibus abdam,

Dum nondum immitis brumæ vos frigus adurat.

Ecce immitis adest funefto flamine bruma,

Et brumæ adventum mors tempeftiva fequetur.

Lufus amice vale, quo confopitus Alexis;

Tu quoque cujus amor magno conftabat Alexi;

Vosque valete, agnîque, & oves, grex charus Alexi;

Et tu fylva vale, toties quæ testis Alexi.

Mopfe vale, mifero tam fidum pectus Alexi;

Phyllidi dic, valeas, jam Phillidi dicit Alexis.

The Conclusion.

LO! I have made a Calendar for every Year,
That Steele in Strength, and Time in Durance shall
outwear;

And if I marked well the Starres Revolution,

It shall continue till the Worlds Dissolution;

To teach the ruder Shepheard how to feed his Sheep,

And from the Falsers Fraud his folded Flock to keep.

Go little Calendar, thou hast a free Pasport;

Go but a lowly Gate amongst the meaner Sort.

Dare not to match thy Pipe with *Tityrus* his Stile,

Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman plaid awhile,

But follow them farre off, and their high Steps adore,

The better please, the worse displease; I ask no more.

Peroratio Operis.

EN opus exegi, cunctos quod duret in annos,
 Temporis intactum morsu, diuturnius ære;

Et, si spectantem non fallant astra, manebit,

Donec totius solvatur fabrica mundi;

Pastorem ut doceam tutum qui pascat ovile,

Quomodo ab insidiis clausos custodiat agnos.

Ito, libelle, tibi patet exitus, ito; sed (audi)

Plebeios humili semper comitabere gressu.

Tu nè pastorem stipulâ stridente laceffe

Andinum, aut Siculo calamos compone poetæ:

Sed longè sequere, & vestigia pronus adora,

Sperne malos, placeâsque bonis; nil ampliùs opto.

A

G L O S S A R Y

O R A N

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

Very much Enlarged,

Of uncommon Words explain'd in this Poem, which
may be also of Use for the better understanding
the *Fairy Queen*, and other Writings of *Spenser*.

A

A *Bie*, abide, or suffer.
Accloyeth, over charg-
eth.

Accoyed, daunted, dispirit-
ed.

Adaw'd, daunted.

Affray, affright.

Aghast, affrighted.

Albe, although.

Alegg, Fr. *alleger*, to ligh-
ten, alleviate.

Algate, nevertheless, some-
times.

Algrind, Anagr. on the
Name of Archbishop *Grin-
dal*.

Allmeans, wholly, or for e-
ver.

Als, also.

Apall, to terrify.

Apay'd, requited, or satisf-
fy'd.

Areed, to advise.

Askaunce, askew, or asquint.

Affay'd, assaulted.

R 2

Affotte,

Affotte, sleepy, or doting.
Astert, to startle.
Availle, to set, or bring
 down.
Aye, always.

B

Bale, Sorrow, Misfortune,
 originally a Burden.
Balefull, sorrowfull.
Base, a rustical Sport, con-
 sisting in running.
Bedight, ensnar'd.
Bebite, *Bebote*, call'd, nam-
 ed.
Belive, quickly.
Bellibone, a fair Maid.
Bend, a Company.
Bent, yielding, complying.
Besprint, *Bespren*, besprink-
 led.
Bestad, dispos'd, or order'd.
Bestadt, besat, oppress'd.
Betight, besat, ensnar'd.
Bett, better.
Bevy of Ladies, a Company.
Bewray, to discover.
Biddber, *subintel*. good Mor-
 row.
Blere, blind.
Blist, blest.
Blonket Liveries, grey Coats.
Bolt, an Arrow.
Bonnibel, a handsome Maid.
Bootes, availes.
Borrel, a rude clownish Fel-
 low, a Bumpkin.

Borrow, Pledge, Surety, Debt,
Brade, broad.
Bragg, proudly.
Breme, chill, also fierce.
Brent, burnt.
But, is sometimes put for *un-
 less*.
Bushets, little Bushes of Haw-
 thorn.
Buxom and *bent*, meek and
 obedient.
Bynempt, *benempt*, nam'd, be-
 queath'd.

C

Caitive Courage, a poor mean
 Spirit.
Carke, Care, Sax.
Carol, to sing a merry Song.
Carven, to cut.
Cast, try'd, attempted.
Chaffred, sold, exchang'd.
Chamfred, wrinkled, or
 crooked.
Chaplet, a Garland in the
 Form of a Crown.
Cbear, *Cbeer*, Countenance,
 Aspect, Health, Temper.
Checkmate, Overthrow, De-
 feat.
Chevisaunce, Atchievement,
 Performance.
Chinke, a Key-hole.
Con, can.
Conn, to learn, to know.
Contecke, Strife, Contention.
Convenable, agreeable.
 Corbe,

Corbe, crooked.

Coronal, a Crown, or Garland.

Coffet, a House-lamb, brought up at Hand.

Cotes, Sheepfolds.

Couth, could, also knew; from *Ken* or *Conn*, to know.

Cracknels, small Loafs, Simnels.

Cranke, healthful, merry.

Crumenal, a Purfe, *Lat*.

D

Dear-borrow, our Saviour, the Pledge of all Men.

Deemen, deem, suppose.

Defast, defac'd.

Deffly, nimbly, finely.

Deigns, vouchsafes.

Dell, or *Delve*, a Pit, or any Hole in the Ground.

Dempt, deem'd, thought, imagin'd.

Depeincten, painted.

Derring, bold Acts of Chivalry.

Devoir, Duty, *Fr*.

Dight, to make ready, to dress, or adorn.

Dirks, Darknels.

Dole, Grief.

Dreed, to be fear'd, *Sax*.

Dreery, or *Dreary*, mournful.

Drent, drown'd.

E

Earned, long'd earnestly.

Earst, or *erst*, formerly.

Eath, or *etbe*, easy. *Sax*.

Eft, after, again.

Eftsoons, quickly.

Eke, to increase; also.

Eld, old Age.

Embrave, to adorn.

Emprize, Enterprize.

Enaunter, lest that.

Enchased, engraven.

Encheason, Occasion, Accident. *Old Fr*.

Ene, one.

Engrained, dyed in Grain.

Entrail'd, wrought between.

Ever among, ever and anon.

F

Fatours, Rogues, Vagabonds.

Falsers, Cheats, Thieves.

Fay, Faith, Truth.

Fell, fierce.

File, defile.

Fin'd, finnow'd.

Floret, a little Flower.

Foeman, an Enemy.

Fon, a Fool.

For, is often put for *because*.

Fortby, therefore, for this.

Fore-haile, to dragg, to distress.

Forefay, to deny.

Forefloe, to prevent, overtake.

Forewent, gone before.
Forfwank, weary'd, over-
 labour'd.
Forfwat, faint with Sweat-
 ing.
Frenne, a Stranger.
Frowie, mossy, full of Mofs.

G

Galage, a Wooden Shoe ;
 from the *Fr. Galoche*.
'Gan, began.
Gang, go. *Scot.*
Gate, Goat.
Garrs thee greet, makes the
 weep.
Gelt, Gold.
'Gin, begin.
Giusts and Turnaments, an
 old Manner of single
 Combat with Swords and
 Spears.
Glee, Joy, Gladness.
Glenne, a Hamlet, or Bo-
 rough.
Glitterand, glittering.
Goodly-head, Goodness.
Great hunt, Execution of the
 Laws.
'Gree, Degree.
Greet, to lament, or cry out.
Guide, pierced.
Gulf, Paunch.

H

Hale, Hole,

Harborough, Harbour.
Hardy-head, Boldness, or a
 bold Fore-head.
Hask, a Wicker Basket to
 carry Fish.
Heame, home.
Heerby, there, here and there.
'Hem, for them.
Hent, seiz'd, apprehended.
Her, is sometimes put for
their.
Heydeguires, a sort of Coun-
 trey Dances.
Hidder, *Shidder*, Male and
 Female, he and she.
Highbeth, hasteneth.
Hite, *Hote*, or *Hot*, called,
 or named.

I.

Ilk, the same.
Illmay, according.
Inly, intirely, intimately.
Joveysaunce, Sporting, Mer-
 riment.
Ivey Todde, a thick Bush.

K

Ken, to know, or spy.
Kerns, an *Irish* Word, signi-
 fying Countreymen, or
 Boores.
Kirtle, a Woman's Gown.
Kydst, knewest.

L. *Latched*,

L

Latched, put to the Latch.
Lay, a Song.
Lay, or *Lea*, a Field, or Meadow.
Lear, Doctrine, Learning; from *Leran* to teach.
Leasing, or *lesing*, lying; from the *Sax. Lease*, false.
Leef, or *Lief*, dear, willing.
Lever, rather.
Levin, Lightning.
Ligg so layd, lye so faint.
List, wilt.
Loord, Fellow.
Lope, leaped.
Lorn, or *Lore*, left, lost.
Sax.

Louted from *lout*, to bow or bend.
Lusti-head, Lustiness, Vigour.

M

May, a Maid.
May-Busquets, little Bushes.
Mazer, a wooden Bowl.
Meddle, to mix.
Meiny or *Meynie*, the Mob or Multitude.
Melling, medling.
Merciable, merciful.
Meynt, mingled.
Nickle, much.
Millers Round, a Countrey-

Dance so called.

Mirk, dark, obscure.
Miscreance, Ignominy, Disgrace.
Misgone, gone astray.
Miss, Misfortune.
Mister, as *Misterwight*, a kind of Person.
Mister Malady, a kind of Malady or Distemper.
Missay, to mistake.
Miswent, gone astray.
Mochel, much.
Moe, more.
Morel, an Anagram on Bishop *Elmor*.
Mote, mought, must, might.

N

Nar or *narre*, near or nearer.
Nas, has not.
Ne, nor, not.
Newell, Novelty.
Nigbeth, draweth nigh.
Nil, will not.
Nis, *nys*, is not.
Note, know not.
Nould, would not.

O

Overcrow'd or *overcrow'd*, crow'd over.
Overgrast, overgrown with Grass.
Overbaile, to draw over.
Overture,

Overture, an Opening.
Overwent, overcome, over-
 gone.

P

Peark, briske.
Perdy or *Perdie*, an Oath.
French.
Peregall, equal. *French*.
Pight, pitched, placed, fix-
 ed.
Plain, to complain.
Plight, Condition.
Pouffe, Pease.
Preace, to crowd.
Prief, Proof.

Q

Quail, to languish or decay.
Queam, please. *Saxon*.
Quint, quenched, also fine,
 strange and out of the
 Way.
Quick, alive.

R

Raft, rent, tore, bereft.
Rath, early, also to choose.
Rather lambs, ew'd early in
 the Year.
Raunch, to wrench.
Read or *Rede*, a Proverb, or
 common Saying.
Recure, to recover.

Rede, to advise, warn, or
 tell.

Reeks, much of thy Swinke,
 countest much of thy La-
 bour.

Relive, to live again.

Renns, runs.

Rife, frequent or common.

Ring, a Company of Dan-
 cers.

Ronts, young Bullocks.

Roundel, or *Roundelay*, a Song
 or Verse.

Royde, shot, darted.

Ruthfull, sad, mournfull.

S

Sale, Sallow, a Tree like a
 Willow.

Sam, fame.

Scathe or *Scath*, Harm or
 Hindrance.

Seabet, Weather-beaten at
 Sea.

Sear or *fere*, consum'd, wi-
 ther'd.

Selly, foolish, silly.

Sheene, shining.

Shend, to disgrace, spoil.

Shrive, to confess.

Sib or *Sybbe*, akin, of Kind.

Sike, *fyke*, fuch.

Siker, sure, surely.

Site, Situation.

Sithens, since.

Sithes, Sighes, also Times.

Sax.

Slake,

Slake, to alleviate.
Snebb, to snub or chide.
Semedele, somewhat in part.
Sooth of Birds, Augury, or
 a Conjecture of Events,
 by the Flying or Inspe-
 ction of Birds.
Sooth, true or Truth. Old
Saxon.
Sops in Wine, a Flower like
 a Carnation, but differ-
 ing in Smell and Size.
Sovenaunce, Remembrance.
Spar, the Bar of a Gate.
Sparred, fasten'd.
Spell, a kind of Verse used
 in ancient Times, to be
 said for the Preservation
 of any Thing.
Stanke or *stank*, weary or
 faint.
Steven, Noise or Sound.
Stound, stunn'd.
Stound, *Stour*, Time, Hour,
 Season.
Stouping Phæbus, setting Sun.
Stour, a Fit, an Assault.
Stower, Trouble, Misfor-
 tune.
Surquedry, Pride, Presum-
 ption.
Swinke, Labour.

T

Tabrere, one that playeth on
 a Taber.

Tamburim, a musical Instru-
 ment like a Clarion.
Teene, Sorrow.
Thewed, well instructed in
 moral Wisdom.
Thick, a Thicket.
Thilk, this, that.
Tbo, sometimes, then.
Thrilling Throb, a piercing
 Sigh.
Todd, a Bush, a Thicket.
Tooting, prying, peeping.
Totty, dizzy, tottering.
Trace, a Step, to walk.
Tressed Locks, curled Hair.
Twiten, to blame, upbraid,
 twit.

V

Venteth into the Wind, snuf-
 feth up the Wind.
Vetchy-bed, a Bed of Pease-
 straw.
Virelays, wanton Countrey
 Songs.
Uncouth, unknown.
Underfong, to deceive by
 false Insinuations.
Undersay, to attest, warrant.
Unkempt, uncomb'd, and un-
 adorn'd. *Lat. incomptus*.
Unneathes, *unethes*, scarcely,
 almost.
Unfoot, unsweet, unpleasant.
Untill, unto.
Vord, far off.
Uprist, rose up.

Utter

Utter his Head, lift up his
Head.

W

Wae, Woe.

Wagmoires, boggy, marshy
Places, now call'd Quag-
mires.

Warke, Worke.

Warre, war, worse.

Waste, vast.

Wayde, valu'd.

Weaned wast, a weaned
Youngling.

Weed, a Habit, a mourning
Dress.

Weene, to think, or be of O-
pinion.

Weetless, blameless, witless.

Weld, to wield.

Wele away, alas.

Welk, to set, decrease, wi-
ther.

Welkin, the Sky, the Morn-
ing.

Wend, to go, to turn. Sax.

Weren, we were.

Whilome, once, formerly.

Wight, speedy, quick.

Wight, Creature, Person.

Wimble and Wight, quick and
deliver.

Witch, With, a Tree that
winds round the Vines.

Wite the Weetless,

Witen, to blame. Sax.

Wizards, learned Men.

Wonne, to haunt, use, accu-
stom.

Wood, mad.

Wote, weete, to know, or
knew.

Wox, waxen.

Wrack, Ruin, Violence.

Wrecked or recked, reckon'd
or accounted.

Wroken, wreak'd, reveng'd.

Y

Y is a Poetical Letter, pre-
fix'd to a Word before a
Consonant, especially to
Participles of the Time
past, as

Yblent, blinded and blended.

Ybrent, burnt, burned.

Yclad, cloath'd.

Ycon, to learn.

Yeade, to go.

Yeven, given.

Yfere, together.

Ygoe, since, gone.

Ylike, like.

Ylk, this.

Yode, went.

Yore, long ago.

Ypent, pent up.

Yshend, hurt, marr'd.

Ywis, I suppose.



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